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THE PROGRESS OF THE SEPOY WAR.

THE last news from India has been variously received and variously commented upon. As are men's characters and temperaments, so are the readings and interpretations of the intelligence from the three Presidencies. "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," wrote SHAKESPEARE—repeating an ancient proverb well known in all the languages of the civilized world. To know a man's habitual turn of mind and modes of thought, is pretty well to know what he thinks about the state of affairs in India at the date of the departure of the last mail. It is unnecessary, in such a case, to ask what is his opinion; for you know what it will be, before he opens his mouth.

The safe course, perhaps, for a cautious writer to pursue is to avoid general epithets; and yet there is one which he may safely enlist into his service, and, doubtless, employ for many months yet to come. If he describes the news as being of a "chequered" complexion, he cannot be far wrong. The events which we are now to consider, though contained within a brief period of time, are spread over a large expanse of country; and, glancing over that country, we see some dark patches and some bright spots, and others where light and darkness seem to be contending with each other, or which are covered with a thick mist. Hopes and fears rise alternately in the mind of the beholder. He dwells on local details, and extracts from each his own particular food of consolation or despondency, and finds it difficult to make up his mind whether the good preponderates over the evil, or the evil over the good. He sees plainly that, at Delhi, the prospects of the besieging army are brightening. Our troops are in better heart. No longer are whispers heard of the possibility of a withdrawal becoming necessary. The welcome reinforcements from the Punjab were arriving. NICHOLSON had already appeared in our camp—the Europeans, some 1300 in number, and the stanch Punjabees, were at hand. The talk now is of an early attack. The 20th of August is named as the eventful day; and no one doubts for a moment that Delhi assaulted will be Delhi taken. The enemies of August are not the enemies of June. They are evidently less enthusiastic, less energetic, and less united. The last additions they had had to their numbers had added little to their strength. The Neemuch mutineers had shrunk from the inaugural conflict, and the general belief was that the fury of the rebels had expended itself in fruitless efforts to dislodge our troops from their position, and that the victory before us would not be dearly bought.

But a painful uncertainty surrounds the fate of our beleaguered countrymen at Lucknow. HAVELOCK, with his little band reduced by sickness to 900 men, had vainly attempted to advance. The flooded state of the country, and the numerous hostile villages before him, bristling with armed men, presented insuperable obstacles to his successful progress; and at length, after fighting more battles and gaining more victories, he had fallen back upon Cawnpore, where, threatened on every side, his situation was perilous in the extreme. But there was a gleam of hope still for the Lucknow garrison. It was believed at Calcutta that provisions—to what extent is not stated—had been obtained by the garrison. This information is contained in the summary of intelligence sent home by the Indian Government, under the signature of Mr. EDMONSTONE, the Foreign Secretary; and as this summary has evidently been compiled with much care, and bears no appearance of having been cooked for the purpose of giving a favourable gloss to the intelligence of the fortnight, we think there is reason to cherish some hope that this succour has been really obtained. That nothing but starva-

tion would destroy our unfortunate countrymen huddled together in the Residency, we fully believe. The enemy were little likely to carry it by assault, and, after the dreadful example of Cawnpore, there was no danger of a capitulation. The terrible question is reduced to one of supplies. Excepting, therefore, tidings to the effect that Lucknow had been relieved by an armed force, no more cheering intelligence could reach us than that provisions had been obtained by the starving garrison. Under any circumstances, however, we must expect to hear of severe losses. The sufferings of the besieged must have been great; and death has, doubtless, been busy among them. Many a heartfelt prayer, on Wednesday next, will be offered up for their merciful deliverance.

From the Oude capital to the Southern coast is a long and weary distance; but it is probable that, after dwelling upon the dark spot at Lucknow, many an eye will be turned in the direction of Madras. The intelligence from that Presidency is bad, but only bad in comparison with what we have been accustomed to receive from that part of the country. A regiment of Madras Cavalry had mutinied; but, associating as we now do every description of violence with the word "mutiny," it may almost be said that their conduct ought to be described by some other name. What is the actual state of the case? The regiment had volunteered for service in Bengal; but when the time for marching arrived, they refused to go without an increase of pay. Now, this matter of pay is an old grievance with the Madras cavalry; and, although it argues a disgraceful disloyalty on their part to take advantage of the embarrassments of the Government, this demonstration is hardly to be placed in the same category with the terrible mutinies in Upper India. It is, however, greatly to be deplored; for, up to this time, the fidelity of the Madras army had been intact, and however small the beginnings of revolt may be, they make us apprehensive of a portentous sequel.

And what do we see at Bombay? The disaffection which had evinced itself in that Presidency was not extinguished; but, considering the perils of the Mohurram, it was making no very alarming progress. There was an uneasy feeling among the Mahomedans of Western India which must necessarily cause anxiety to the Bombay Government; but this is said to have been mainly occasioned by the protracted siege of Delhi, and by a doubt as to whether Mahomedan supremacy would not eventually be re-established. We have therefore increased cause of rejoicing in the probability of an immediate assault upon the City of the Mogul. We confess that we were doubtful of the expediency of precipitating this long-expected event. It seemed to us desirable that the blow should be struck only when we were strong enough to render it a crushing one. In a purely military point of view, it appeared to be desirable that WILSON's force should hold its own, without attacking, until the commencement of the cold weather, when sufficient reinforcements would have arrived to invest the place, and to render escape impossible. That Delhi should continue to be a rallying point, and that rebellion should concentrate within its walls, until we were in a condition to strike, decisively and destroyingly, were certainly great objects; but the last mail from India exhibits, in stronger colours than before, the political importance of the speedy capture of the stronghold of the mutineers. We cannot achieve two incompatible aims. An attack on Delhi, though successful, with insufficient means, would increase our troubles in other parts of Upper India; but its continued occupation by the insurgents might be more detrimental to our interests in all parts of the country. It is certain, at least, that excited Mahomedanism will never subside into repose so long as the King of DELHI is really King, though his dominions may be bounded by the limits of his ancient capital.

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

WE have great reason to congratulate ourselves that, in the midst of our Indian disasters, the political aspect of Europe offers no points of disquietude to distract our attention from the engrossing object which absorbs the English mind. The very thought of the situation in which this country might have been placed if the Bengal mutiny had broken out while our troops were still in the trenches before Sebastopol, is sufficient to make us appreciate the advantages of our present position. We do not say that the English nation would not have found the means of extricating itself even out of such an accumulation of difficulties; but certainly the peril would have been one in comparison with which the Mutiny at the Nore would have sunk into insignificance. Fortunately, however, we are at peace with all the world—even with China, as we are assured by the Ministerial organs which so lately clamoured for war to the knife against the “poisoning barbarians.”

The peace of Europe is too vitally important to us at this moment to permit of our sharing that jealousy with which a portion of the foreign press has thought fit to criticise the *r union* at Stuttgart. So long as the great EMPERORS are on good terms with ourselves, we see no cause for uneasiness at the disposition which they evince to be civil to each other. It appears to us that none but very short-sighted politicians can discover a danger to the cordial alliance of England and France in the establishment of friendly relations between LOUIS NAPOLEON and the Emperor ALEXANDER. The notion of such a danger is founded on the idea that Europe is, or ought to be, permanently divided into two parties, whose interests must be always opposite, and whose policy must necessarily be conflicting. But if we are to reap any advantage from the sacrifices made in the late war, and if the peace of Paris was intended to be anything more than a truce, we must cease to prosecute in diplomacy the hostilities which we have renounced in the field. We see no reason to apprehend that the Court of St. Petersburg is at present meditating any projects which make it desirable that the rest of Europe should assume towards it the attitude of an armed neutrality. And, in the absence of any ground for such suspicions, it seems neither politic nor just to treat with distrust a Power whose good faith is *prima facie* entitled to credit. If it should be found at any future time that Russia was maturing schemes as dangerous to the interests of Europe as those which gave rise to the recent war, we have no fears that the interchange of the well-regulated personal civilities of Stuttgart will weaken the operation of those strong motives of policy which bound together England, France, and Austria for the maintenance of the common safety.

In fact, these petty panics of the European press are generally the work of a race of pestilent *quidnuncs* who infest Continental journalism, but from whom in this country we are happily comparatively free. They are a sort of cross between a confidential valet and a *charg  d'affaires*. With all the servility of the first and the fussiness of the last, they combine in the highest degree the love of mischief-making which is common to both. These sagacious flunkies discover mysteries in a bow, and augur peace or war from a pinch of snuff. The only things which escape their observation are the common events which really govern the actions of men, and the obvious interests which alone, in these days, determine the policy of Cabinets. It is almost astonishing that this class of politicians should not have learned that their LOUIS XV. traditions of statecraft are become an anachronism in days when mistresses no longer make Ministers, and when individual caprices have very little influence over national policy. For our part, we cannot but think it a great advance in the civilization of modern Europe that Governments are now actuated more than formerly by considerations of State policy, and less by the personal predilections of their individual rulers. It is in this respect especially that the meeting of the Emperor ALEXANDER with LOUIS NAPOLEON may be regarded with satisfaction as a complete departure from the attitude assumed by NICHOLAS in relation to the European Powers. The present Emperor of RUSSIA does not arrogate to himself the offensive position of patron of an Absolutist clique, from which the chiefs even of the greatest Powers are excluded if they cannot prove their quarterings in the Herald's College. ALEXANDER has learnt that it is the interest of Russia to be on good terms with the ruler of France, and that it must be wholly immaterial to him what individual his neighbours may choose to

rule over them. The friendly meeting at Stuttgart affords an indication of the disposition of the Court of St. Petersburg to deal with European Governments as it finds them, and to meet them on terms of equality, without the pretension to dictate to other nations in the management of their internal affairs; and in this point of view we regard it as a solid assurance of the peace of Europe.

It is just at this moment, also, that we read in some of the foreign journals an announcement which is in itself a whole chapter in modern history. The long talked of emancipation of the Russian serf is, it appears, at last about to be carried into effect. The scheme consists in compelling all the proprietors of the soil to appropriate to the serfs on their estates a portion of land sufficient for their maintenance. The only condition annexed is that, for the present, at least, the serfs so endowed shall not quit the estates of their former masters. We shall watch with much interest and curiosity the operation of a transformation as important as that by which the Anglo-Saxon villein was converted into the English peasant.

The notable change in the attitude of the Russian Court towards the Emperor of the FRENCH is, no doubt, after a sort, a great social triumph for LOUIS NAPOLEON. The Power which had so imprudently inflicted on him a personal slight, has shown itself not only willing, but eager, to greet him on equal terms. In this country, we are hardly in a position to realise the full effect which the formal recognition of his dynastic position is calculated to have on Continental public opinion. We may gain, however, a fair idea of its extent as it is reflected in the ill-disguised dismay and spite of the Opposition Press in France. We confess we have never desired to see the authority of LOUIS NAPOLEON shaken in favour of the monarchical factions. It is in the security of his throne, and the reformation of his system, that we have always looked for the prospect of a better system of Government in France. Certainly, if anything were needed to create in the English mind a sympathy for the existing dynasty in France, it might suffice to point to the bitter hostility to England displayed by the organs of the Legitimist and Orleanist parties. While the *Univers* is chuckling over the Indian mutiny, and while the *Assembl e Nationale*—which has reappeared with the same unpatriotic spirit, under another name—is calculating on the prospect of revising the treaties of 1815, it is not very likely that we should earnestly desire a revolution which would substitute for the present friendly Government of France the leaders of a party who, next to the misfortunes of their own country, seem to enjoy nothing so much as the disasters of ours.

INDIAN GOVERNMENT.

THE agreement of all rational men in resisting the attempt of sciolists to make the present emergency the occasion of revolutionizing the entire frame of Indian Government, must not be construed as a determination to protect a particular corporation from justifiable interference. The East India Company is an expression which has stood for a great variety of forms of government, identical in one particular, but exhibiting very wide differences in the whole; and it would be absurd to pretend that any one phase of this long course of experiment enjoyed an immunity from amendment or change. Few reasonable persons, we presume, imagine that any part of that very complex whole which constitutes the existing Home Government of India can long escape criticism; nor can it be doubted that the system must, at no distant day, undergo alterations more or less considerable. The Company, however, is at present a symbol for every form of polity which brings special and personal knowledge to bear on India, as opposed to schemes for consigning it to the ignorant empiricism of political projectors; and in this sense, the East India Company deserves the support of every man with a grain of civil prudence in his composition. We, indeed, are not ashamed to allow that we look upon it as having claims on our generosity beyond its positive merits. England is responsible for this great administrative machine, which, for the moment, is the target for all the calumnies to which every slave and bigot in Europe is prompted by jealousy of English power and happiness. The abandonment of any English institution to the hatred of the *Univers* or the mendacity of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.*

* In the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of September 17, the following sentence from the *Saturday Review* of September 5—“Nor will East Indians again be told that they lie when they assert that the practice of inflicting torture is one

except on the clearest proof, is a duty which this journal, at all events, has yet to learn.

The only serious and earnest attacks on the East India Company proceed from two sets of theorists, which the English public is in some danger of confounding into one, though their only similarity consists in their using the same shibboleth, "Indian Misgovernment." They are strands of very different texture twisted together in the same rope. The most single-minded of the two is the party which, under the name of "Young India," proposed four years ago that the people of India should be admitted to a larger share in the government of their country. Until the subjects of the Company explained, as clearly as they have just done, some of the reasons why they should be despotically governed, it was by no means easy to get the English Parliament and people to realize the full insanity of the Young Indian project. The dogma that no nation is wholly unfit for liberty is naturally popular in England—the more so through the shameful injustice which is perpetrated in Europe on the strength of the contrary proposition. It would have been almost useless to attack the common impression of the universal practicability of self-government by urging that the possibilities of the West become impossibilities in the East, as long as the most accessible authorities on the subject of Oriental character were the political novels of Mr. DISRAELI. But, in fact, there is no India, and no people of India. India is a "geographical expression." It is the name for an untamed assemblage of tribes, races, clans, and sects, bound into a whole by the solitary tie of obedience to the same strong master. National diversities, far more hopelessly irreconcilable than can be guessed at even by looking at the standing quarrel between Italian and German, or between Saxon and Celt, are eclipsed by yet more trenchant divisions in society itself. Even if there were an India, there would be, we repeat, no people of India. The word is a foolish misnomer for a collection of stratified castes. No machinery of representation which the wit of man ever devised could apply to such a case; but this is a hard doctrine in England, and even now it is perhaps safer to rest on the simple position that, where the first stages of moral elevation are proved by a thousand dark deeds to have been not yet reached, it is somewhat premature to talk of political enfranchisement.

Though there are still, perhaps, a few persons to sail in the same boat with the eccentric holder of East India Stock who, wisely taking for his model the most anomalous part of our institutions, proposed the other day that the Hindoo Universities should be represented in the Court of Proprietors, Young India, "pure and simple," may be regarded as virtually extinct. Its stock phrases and cries are, however, borrowed by another party, animated by very different passions, and aiming at very different objects. Sir CHARLES NAPIER, for example, who cared as little as a man could well do for the equalization of natives and Europeans, occasionally used language which might almost have caused him to be mistaken for a philanthropist. But clamour against misgovernment is not likely to be listened to in England when the remedy proposed is the empire of the bayonet; and anybody who wishes to destroy the authority of the East India Company must at all events have some form of civil polity to suggest in its stead. It is clear that there is at least one body of gentlemen who have such a suggestion to make. Probably the English public has very faint ideas who are the "merchants, bankers, &c.," of Calcutta, from whom emanated the petition published the other day in the newspapers. It was tolerably obvious that two personages—the journalist out of work and the lawyer on the look out for prey—were comprised in the " &c.," but why should the merchants and bankers of Calcutta wish to pull down the East India Company? The fact is that, ever since the East India trade has been opened, Anglo-Indian society, besides the crowd of civilians and soldiers in the employment of the Company, has always comprised a minority of Europeans who have sought India for purposes of business or speculation. The class thus formed is notorious for its bitter jealousy of the servants of the Company. An Englishman loves a lord, but he can hardly be brought to tolerate one of his own rank raised above him simply by the prestige of official station. The furious antipathy with which some of the commercial residents are inspired would hardly be believed out of India, but some conception of it may be gained from the language

which it is almost impossible to make Orientals regard as unrighteous"—is converted into "when they say that the native cannot be made to pay his taxes without torture."

of those correspondents of the *Times* who call upon the editor to help them in "strangling the incubus of civilianism." To these gentlemen—whose grievances, though they affect to take a political form, are almost entirely social—are added some very powerful auxiliaries in the lawyers of the Supreme Court. Law is not a profession which any man wishes to follow through the whole of his life. Probably nine out of ten of practising English barristers look forward to some sort of shelf for their old age. But the Anglo-Indian bar does not even supply the judges to the bench of the Supreme Court, and that infinity of offices which lie open at home to gentlemen of the long robe of so many years' standing are the monopoly of civilians who probably could not even plead to a declaration on a bill of exchange. The feelings of Anglo-Indian counsel must be something like those of a sportsman with a broken wrist in a country swarming with game.

The "merchants and bankers" who avow themselves, and the lawyers who skulk under the " &c.," affect some sort of compassion for the oppressed millions, but it is plain that the gist of their complaint against the East India Company is that it attends too carefully to the interests and the prejudices of its native subjects. They ask for an "open," that is a spouting, Council—not elective, in the sense of being chosen by those whom it governs—but selected from all the Europeans resident in Hindostan. The Englishmen whom hope of profit or sheer accident sends to India are to be erected into an aristocracy of race. Above them is to be nobody but a Governor-General, who, being a Lord, may be worshipped without degradation; and under their feet are to be those Hindoo competitors in trade who, by their frugality and singular aptitude for business, have rendered the Indian markets anything but a safe or gainful field for the European speculator. Under the rule of the Company, some sort of approach has been made to governing India for the sake of its inhabitants; but what sort of government would that be which should commit absolute power to an oligarchy of casual denizens? If so anomalous a system were not monstrous in its very conception, it would be condemned by the instruments it would be compelled to employ. No doubt the lawyers would be the real gainers. Guiltless of that knowledge of native habits and customs which is a monopoly of the hated civilians—unacquainted with native languages, which they openly propose to prescribe in all judicial and official intercourse—these gentlemen, educated with all the care bestowed on the training of an English barrister, are to administer India by the light of those elevated principles of cosmopolitan jurisprudence which scintillate in the reported decisions of English tribunals. The only scheme which, in fact, at present competes with the system of the East India Company, is one for endowing India with the politics of a parish vestry, and the legal science of *Chitty on Pleading*.

THE INQUIRY ON THE BANK ACT.

THE Report of the evidence taken by the Select Committee on the Bank Act has confirmed us in an opinion in which we find ourselves opposed to some of the highest authorities on the subject. It has been feared that the revival of currency discussions would have a mischievous effect in unsettling commercial affairs, by creating a vague anticipation of possible changes in the principles of our legislation; and even Lord OVERSTONE, who has contributed more effectually than anyone else, both through the press and before the Committee, to inculcate sound views upon this class of topics, seems to deprecate the inquiries of the Committee as dangerous to the repose of the mercantile world. We think this is a mistake, and we feel confident that the pending investigation will do more to settle than to disturb the public mind. The truth is, no one seriously expects that the Committee will be led to abandon the principles of the Act of 1844; and the City goes on with its business in the usual course, without being fluttered with the hope or the fear of any radical change in the policy so happily inaugurated by Sir ROBERT PEEL. At the same time, the thorough sifting which rival theories are undergoing cannot fail to help the cause of truth, and to hasten the time when universal conviction shall give a practical influence to the really simple science which treats of the currency which will do more to prevent irrational monetary excitement than any attempt to gag the mouths even of the most deluded theorists. The more freely Mr. NEWMARCH and

his friends are allowed to speak, the more effectually will their errors be exploded. Until false theories assume a certain degree of consistency, they can only be confuted by their authors.

The first step of every discussion in political science is to force opponents to something like a coherent statement of their views. Logic will refute a logical heresy, but it is almost powerless against a jumble of facts and theories that are not even bound together by consistency in error. Now, the currency controversy has not yet got quite clear of this first stage, and before any demonstration of sound principles can be really effectual, it is essential that the rebels against the truth should be brought to a state of organization in which they may be capable of feeling the weight of the arguments to which they must ultimately succumb. Discussion alone can do this, and we think we can trace, in the evidence which has been published, some progress in this direction. The enemy are taking up a more definite and concentrated position than they have ever done before, and are becoming more and more susceptible of distinct refutation. Multitudes of outlying fallacies are already abandoned, and, so far as the evidence has yet gone, we see in the opponents of the Act of 1844 a tendency to entrench themselves behind a single position from which it cannot be very difficult to dislodge them. It is no small gain that the immediate purpose and operation of the Bank Act are now recognised by its adversaries as well as by its friends. Even Mr. NEWMARCH allows that "the present mixed circulation of coin and paper varies, and fluctuates, and adjusts itself, just in the same way as a circulation exclusively metallic would do." Mr. MILL is equally explicit in his admission of the same fact. Nor is it disputed by any one that the law does secure the absolute convertibility of the Bank-note under all circumstances which can possibly arise.

It is a decided step in advance to have got at least this common ground as the basis of argument. The Act was intended to establish a currency which should fluctuate in amount exactly as a purely metallic currency would do; and at the same time it provided for the certain convertibility of the Bank-note quite irrespectively of the prudence or folly of the Bank management. It has, by common consent, succeeded in both of these objects; and the position which gainsayers now take up is, that it was a mistake to adopt the fluctuations of a metallic circulation as the rule of the actual currency, and that it would be possible, by giving unrestricted discretion to the Bank Directors, to have the circulation regulated in a manner much more advantageous to the mercantile interest. After the floods of wild theory which have been poured out over the whole subject, it is some satisfaction to have reached at last a definite issue. Let us consider for a moment why it was that the able financiers who devised the machinery of the existing law thought it desirable to preserve the currency at the amount at which a metallic circulation would maintain itself.

The orthodox theory is very simple. So long as bullion alone is used as the medium of exchange, the distribution of the precious metals, in the shape of coin, will follow the same law of demand and supply by which all other commodities are regulated. There is, however, one quality which is peculiar to the commodities employed as the medium of exchange—namely, that the whole supply of such tokens of value throughout the world can never be deficient. If we had no currency but coin, and if half the bullion in existence were destroyed to-morrow, the residue would do the work of exchange just as well, for its efficiency would immediately be doubled; or, in other words, the money prices of all commodities would fall to one-half of their former amount. The converse of this operation was seen in the rise of prices which followed the discovery of America; and a similar action is just discernible now, though the large accumulation of gold in the world makes the effect of the Californian and Australian supply much less striking than that of the earlier discoveries, and the independent chronic tendency to a fall of prices has still further neutralised the influence of the diggings.

But, putting out of consideration, for simplicity's sake, the gradual increase of the total amount of gold, and the gradual development of the trade in which it is used, we may consider the whole world as supplied with a certain sufficient stock of bullion, which, if left to the operations of trade, will always be divided among different countries in proportion to their demand. This law of distribution is the best, not only for the world at large, but for each particular nation. It cannot be for the good of any country to have

more gold than the commercial demand would bring to it, because this presupposes that there are other commodities which the collective common sense of the people, as expressed by the markets, knows to be still more desirable. In these days of Free-trade, no one probably would deny that exactly the right amount of corn gets imported into this country, and that the only reason why the quantity is not greater than it is, in any given year, is that England does not find it worth while to spare any larger quantity of her other possessions for the sake of adding still further to the store in her granaries. Precisely the same law holds as to the precious metals. We want them for the purpose of carrying on our business; and at any moment, when the actual quantity is stationary, and the imports are precisely equal to the exports, we may be sure that we have got exactly the proportion which our demand requires, and that, as the stock of the world cannot be deficient, our store must also be up to our requirements.

If, by any artificial action, the balance of trade, as it is called, were made favourable, and exports were sold for gold to an extent beyond what the free operation of commerce would bring about, the country would suffer by having more bullion than it required to use, and less of other commodities of which it really stood in need. Of course, even if a metallic currency were alone in use, there might be times when the supply of gold would be short of the demand, just as there are now times when the supply of corn or timber falls short; but the instant this happens, Free-trade furnishes the remedy, by raising the local value of the deficient commodity, be it gold, corn, or timber, and attracting it from foreign countries, where it is in excess compared with other forms of capital. No one disputes this reasoning in the case of anything but the precious metals; and if it applies to them—as it must do, unless the whole Free-trade argument is a happy mass of nonsense—it follows that, with a metallic currency, we should always have a quantity of coin which would be subject to variations arising out of the relative circumstances of ourselves and our neighbours, but would always tend to approach that limit which, at the moment, it would be most desirable to maintain.

Now introduce a new element, and suppose that the circulation of the country consists of notes as well as coin. Assume that the notes are, by a law of convertibility, or by any other means, preserved from depreciation, so that a five-pound note shall pass as freely as five sovereigns and answer all the same purposes so far as internal trade is concerned. The country can now be supplied, without any cost, with as many notes as it can use. Would it, under any circumstances, be desirable that the available notes and coin together should exceed the amount which a metallic circulation would, under the same circumstances, reach? The advocates of the Act of 1844 say that it would not, and for these unanswerable reasons. If the notes and coin together ever did exceed the natural level of a metallic circulation, the efficiency of each note and each coin would be just the same as if the whole circulation were metallic. But if we were in possession of a larger share of the world's coin than the law of demand and supply would give us, coin would relatively lose its value here, and a drain would begin and continue until our stock was reduced to its legitimate Free-trade level. With a mixed circulation of the same amount, the very same sequence of events must come. The exchangeable value of our coin, in the absence of any depreciation of paper, will depend simply on the amount of coin and notes together; and there will ensue a drain at the same time, and to the same extent, as if the whole currency were composed of bullion. But notes would be worthless for exportation, and the drain would be supplied by the bullion alone. Thus the total circulation would come back to its natural level, but the result of the operation would be that there would be more paper and less gold in it than before. The extra paper, issued beyond the amount at which a purely metallic currency would have stood, would thus have driven abroad an equal amount of gold coin. If the level of the note circulation were again raised after it had thus been restored by natural causes, the same consequence would be repeated; and, after a short time spent in such amusements, we should find that all the gold of the country had vanished, and that nothing but notes remained. It would then be impossible to convert the notes; and we should moreover be wholly deprived of the means of adjusting our balances with foreign countries, and, for all the purposes of external trade, should lose the convenience derived from the use of a medium

of exchange, and be reduced to a system of barter. After all the gold was gone, it would be useless, even for internal purposes, to issue more notes. The nominal amount would increase, without affecting the exchangeable value—the effect in our own country being just what was produced universally by the discovery of the American gold mines.

Without, therefore, entering into the question which has been raised as to the possibility of forcing an arbitrary increase of Bank-notes, it is enough to say that if we could get out more than would make the circulation conform to the fluctuations of a metallic currency, it would merely drain the gold out of the country, and ultimately bring us to a state of barter. As this is certainly not desirable, it follows that the circulation ought never to exceed the amount to which a metallic currency would, under the same circumstances, rise. It is equally clear—and indeed it is not disputed—that a circulation below the metallic amount would not be at all convenient; and it may therefore be laid down as a fundamental rule that a mixed circulation ought to fluctuate exactly as a metallic one would do. This is what the Act of 1844 secures, and unless the reasoning we have cited can be impugned, the circulation cannot be regulated in any way so advantageously as it is by the existing law. We cannot now discuss the arguments by which it has been sought to evade this inference. In another article we may be tempted to explain how Mr. NEWMARCH and Mr. MILL spun clever sophisms for the amusement of the Committee, and how Lord OVERSTONE'S solid evidence demolished the meshes of their web.

THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF POPULARITY.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE said a very foolish thing the other day when he taxed the critics of the Ministry with attacking the President of the Board of Control because his name is SMITH. No journal with the slightest regard to its pecuniary interests would risk the loss of an important percentage of its subscribers by decrying the SMITHS. Indeed, it is Mr. VERNON SMITH himself who is rather open to the charge of meditating a slight to his eminently respectable patronymic; for, careless of the glory thrown around it by his great uncle, he intends, we believe, to desert it in the next generation. The truth is, Mr. VERNON SMITH is pretty frequently observed upon, not because he has the fortune to belong to "one class of the community"—as the Duke of BEDFORD might call the SMITHS with more justice than the RUSSELLS—but because he has the misfortune to be a Representative Man. He symbolizes those Presidents of the Board of Control whom it is proposed to invest with imperial dominion over India. People cannot help saying to themselves that, however largely we augment the authority of the Minister for Indian Affairs, the leading statesmen in every Cabinet will always prefer those offices which have been historically associated with Parliamentary influence and administrative capacity, so that there will always be danger of the Indian Department falling to a gentleman of Mr. SMITH'S calibre. What that calibre is, is matter of opinion, which rests not on journalistic cavils, but on the testimony of Mr. VERNON SMITH'S political friends. Everybody knows that the position assigned to him by the Whigs is the outer edge of Cabinets. Sometimes he gets in, sometimes he doesn't. May we say, without disrespect, that he resembles the boy who hangs on behind the stage-coach till the coachman, having taken a shabby load and wanting to make a better show on entering the town, invites him at length to "jump up a-top, and be d—d to him."

The SECRETARY to the ADMIRALTY made a sad mess between the compliments which he was under the necessity of passing on his present employers, and those which he could not in decency withhold from the Government which he first served. It was necessary to give some sort of preference to the existing Ministry, and this Mr. OSBORNE managed by observing that the ABERDEEN Administration consisted too exclusively of rhetoricians. This is flat absurdity. The only rhetoric tolerated in Parliament consists in the clear statement of matters of fact, or in the lucid discussion of questions which bear directly upon practical life; and there is a strong presumption, besides, that the persons who influence a deliberative assembly have early destined themselves for a political career, and given themselves that special training which the highest genius is scarcely able to dispense with. A politician with some pretensions to eminence in debate should be the last to assert that this sort of rhetorical power carries with it an incapacity

for administrative labour. If the PALMERSTON Ministry counts fewer eloquent men than its predecessor, all we can say is, that it is, *pro tanto*, a feeblener Government. And in truth, Mr. OSBORNE did not venture to draw out in words the conclusion at which he hinted. He has himself served under two chiefs in turn, and it would need a good deal of that assurance with which the SECRETARY is sometimes accused of being extraordinarily gifted, to assert that the Admiralty is better managed by Sir CHARLES WOOD than it was by Sir JAMES GRAHAM. Man for man, the subordinate members of the late Administration were better able to cope with the Crimean war than the tail of Lord PALMERSTON with the Indian mutiny; and if in addressing themselves to their undertaking, the present Ministers meet with unusual forbearance from the exponents of public opinion, the calm confidence of a born Whig would scarcely go the length of attributing their good fortune to their superior capacity.

The simple truth is that Lord PALMERSTON'S Government is getting fair play in its Indian policy, while Lord ABERDEEN had little or none in the Russian war. A little more ill-will would, in six weeks, beget a clamour as noisy and as irrational as the outcry of the Crimean winter. A chemist is said to be never at a loss for work, because all nature is full of his materials; and so an Administrative Reformer need never be out of employment, for all action and all policy are full of the elements on which he exercises himself. There was a queer illustration the other day of the bewilderment with which the true devil-may-care censor beholds the present plentifulness of material for the circumlocution cry, and the mysterious silence of those who might be expected to raise it. A respectable Radical newspaper was expressing its unmitigated astonishment at the deadness of public opinion on the subject of the crisis. "Isn't nobody to be pitched into for this 'ere?" is asked in the language of Mr. Weller. Why, the troops had been sent round the Cape instead of taking the Suez route; and nobody had as yet laid the blame on red-tape. It was not that the writer knew anything about Suez, or had the remotest notion whether it was possible or impossible to send soldiers over the isthmus; but he thought, and very justly thought, that the question of the Cape passage against the overland route would supply six articles a week on administrative incapacity, if it were only treated by a competent hand. Indeed, anybody on the lookout for grounds of censure who should be at the pains to glance at our contemporary, the *Press*, would find a positive *embarras de richesses*. But public opinion is not with the *Press*, for the simple reason that those who guide it are chained to Lord PALMERSTON'S ear. Doubtless it was a delicate question to decide whether the PREMIER should be backed up or not on the Indian mutiny. On the one hand was Lord PALMERSTON'S popularity—on the other, the favour with which Englishmen in their present temper are sure to receive every wholesale attack on Governments and statesmen. That it has been settled to be more profitable to second Lord PALMERSTON than to hit out at the whole class to which he belongs, is the highest tribute we have yet seen to the stability of his position and to the completeness of his victory last spring.

Whether Lord PALMERSTON is the best of possible Ministers, and whether the servility of his supporters is altogether admirable, are not the points before us at this moment. We only call attention to the advantage of meeting a great crisis in a spirit of common fairness, and, we may add, of common sense. The Sepoy revolt finds us with little or no improvement in administrative machinery, and with no change whatever in administrative traditions; and the men who are to restore to us our lost crown are of inferior ability to the conductors of the Crimean war. But the leaders of the press treat the present Ministers and officials with decent consideration; and the consequence is, that the country is surprised to find how exceedingly tolerable the management of an average Government may be. The reputation of England abroad rather gains than loses by the cloud over her fortunes, for foreigners judge us by our calm confidence, as they once did by our hysterical clamours and suicidal self-depreciation.

PAUL BEFORE FESTUS (AT BELFAST).

ON "the eleventh day of the Government Inquiry" into the origin of the Belfast riots, that meek Apostle of the rights of mobs, the Rev. HUGH HANNA, made his appearance before the Commissioners. It was precisely the advertise-

ment which this ecclesiastical JACK CADE wanted. He commenced with an account of himself, dwelling with considerable complacency on his congregation and the new chapel which is erecting for him. He sets up, as is the fashion with Irish boys just now, for a Belfast SPURGEON; and the curious in such matters have observed that unbearded Evangelists are becoming the rule in Dissenting circles. HANNA is, in fact, nothing but a very vulgar, empty charlatan, who has invested in the politico-religious line simply because it gains him the notoriety which otherwise he would have scarcely succeeded in attaining. He is "in the sixth year of his ministry"—which probably means that he is twenty-five years of age—and "our church is at present being rebuilt, in consequence of not having accommodation for the number of people who resort there for worship," &c. &c. He was reminded on his examination that "there are certain birds called swans, who would die of pride were it not that they have black feet." Mr. HANNA has yet to recognise in himself any token of his own possible fallibility. "I am right, and I will always be right," is his summary view of himself. JACK PRESBYTER's infallibility is, on the whole, as self-reliant and conclusive as that of him of the Triple Crown. When it comes to a broad, insolent swagger, the infallibility of the man answers better than that of the office. Geneva beats Rome. A good many people haggle at the authority of the Roman pontiff; but a HUGH HANNA, when he openly declares that he is an infallible judge, and that his pulpit is the seat of all truth, is sure to be listened to.

His examination is not the only misfortune into which this idle inquiry has blundered. Indeed, it is quite plain that, except in the way of embittering differences and prolonging agitation, not the slightest good can come of it. In truth, there was nothing to learn as to the Belfast riots. It might have been foreseen that investigation could only elicit facts which were matter of the commonest notoriety—which the Government ought to have known—which, most likely, they did know—and which, at all events, they might have learned without all this solemn parade of Commissioners and evidence. Indeed, we are not without our suspicions that the inquiry was suggested by the factions themselves. Both parties, as in the old O'CONNELL days, are making capital out of the proceedings in the Court House, which is filled with noisy partisans. HANNA was attended to Court, like another SACHEVERELL, by his whole gang; and his examination was interrupted by the usual "bursts of applause," especially when he thundered out some insolent defiance about his "rights to preach—rights which he would never yield to a man or mob." Not a fact was elicited of much value. But even HANNA confirmed by his own evidence much of what has been urged against him. His preaching was, he says, "not controversial," but then he had given public notice of it beforehand. He was quite aware that the whole town was in an excited state; but, "as a mob must be put down sooner or later," he thought that his preaching was a good test of the power of the authorities to keep the peace. Now, keeping the peace by putting down a mob means, especially in Ireland, a troop of soldiers and a body of constabulary charging, horse and foot, into a couple of thousand savage ruffians of opposite factions, who are beating and bludgeoning each other to death. This is the sort of peace which Mr. HANNA thinks it a Christian duty to help in inflicting on his fellow-citizens. The precedent of "desisting from open-air preaching on account of the excitement"—which was the course resolved upon by the Church of England clergy—Mr. HANNA considers a bad one. "It is always dangerous to succumb to a mob." He denies that it is better to allow popular excitement to pass away. He will not say that he is not even now justified, notwithstanding the existing excitement, in what he calls discharging his duty, "and his duty is to preach." This is religion. Here is PAUL before FESTUS. This is testifying before the judgment-seat of the rulers of this world. He afterwards tells us of his friends, "the ship carpenters, whom, on the night before his open-air preaching, he had asked in considerable numbers to be present"—"the respectable people with whom he was anxious to make arrangements for the following day, and whom he was so desirous to impress with a peaceable spirit, and who thoroughly entered into his sentiments." This, to be sure, lets us into a new view of street-preaching. We thought that it was what is described in the Gospel—the appeal to the streets and lanes—the missionary taking his chance of catching the waifs and strays, the lost and forgotten. But, according to the Belfast type, open-air preaching on Sabbath means bringing toge-

ther a party of your own friends, whom you have specially engaged on Saturday night to stand by you in case of difficulty, and who are to be present only to repress irritation—and all this to listen to the apostle of a Gospel whose first commandment is, "Thou shalt not succumb to a mob."

With this particularly Irish view of the character, antecedents, and objects of a sermon, we think it slightly dishonest—and if Mr. HUGH HANNA were not a Presbyterian, of course as sound as JOHN KNOX, we should call it a little fanatical—to cite resolutions of Presbytery and "ministerial Fathers and Brethren," and of Wesleyan Conferences and Free Church Assemblies, in favour of open-air preaching. No doubt open-air preaching has been recommended and practised; and the evidence of Mr. VANCE, Wesleyan preacher, and others, that they had repeatedly preached in the open air without any serious consequences either to themselves or their hearers—or even the alleged resolution of the General Assembly, of which, however, no minute can be produced—are entirely beside the point at issue. Open-air preaching of the HANNA type is quite another thing. We are not saying that this gentleman's challenge was not answered much in his own spirit. He preached in order to vindicate the great social duty of not succumbing to a mob; and the Romanists went to his preaching for the equally religious purpose of not being bullied by another mob. The one faction resolved to keep the peace by blustering about religion, and the other was consumed by zeal to preach the Gospel by showing their enemies that they were not the boys to be put upon. HANNA meekly bites his thumb in behalf of perishing souls; and his antagonists draw sword and rapier—and all in the name of the Gospel of Peace. No doubt there is a great deal of religion in the whole proceeding, but the drum-beating on one side and the rifle club on the other are curious and novel *Instrumenta Ecclesiastica*.

We repeat that the whole inquiry is a gross mistake and blunder. There is positively nothing to learn. Belfast is a large manufacturing town, in which there is a divided and angry population. The Romanists are on the increase in numbers; but the Orangemen beat them in intelligence and organization. The old Orange ascendancy has, however, been interfered with by the influx of a poor ignorant factory population of a turbulent and factious character. The Protestants stand on the defensive, and are described as well disciplined by the old Lodge machinery, and as animated by the happy Ulster spirit which treats a Papist as a natural enemy. They are in the position of a dominant faction on the wane, but still clinging to the old spirit of persecution—a social and moral condition which is about as likely to produce useful citizens as is the opposite, or rather correlative position of an ignorant, savage Celtic population, with plenty of work and independence, and with the feeling that the good time has come for paying off centuries of Saxon oppression. It is the strife of these two factions which the Belfast riots represent, and of which such a person as HANNA is a mere accident. Now, when these fierce and lawless elements are in open collision, and when anybody can see that the street-preaching was a mere accidental spark which set all these sulphureous materials in flame, what is the use of prolonging an inquiry into the origin of the riots? The origin of the Belfast riots simply consists in a very serious and ugly state of feeling in Ireland, which we had hoped had been entirely suppressed, but the evils of which can only be increased by calling attention to them and parading them. The wounds of Belfast society will not be cured by the probe—the more they are talked about the worse they will be. The present monster-inquiry, with its cross-examinations and recriminations, and fierce partisan displays—bullying on one side and bluster on the other—can only be calculated to make the existing evil ten times more inveterate and hopeless.

THE THAMES AND ITS PURIFIERS.

DOUBLE Government may be a very convenient anomaly under exceptional circumstances, but it is questionable whether it affords the best machinery that could be devised for carrying through a troublesome piece of local business. Certainly, it has not answered as yet in the matter of London drainage. The scheme invented by Parliament a couple of years ago, for securing the purity of the Thames, was very ingenious, and would really have been quite perfect if the object had been to postpone the work to the days of our

grandchildren. A Board was created which, being elected by vestry constituencies, was not likely to be a very practical body. Its numbers were carefully made too large for joint action, and too small to allow of the delegation of real business to the more capable of its members. To this happily constituted executive a stupendous work was committed, with the solemn Parliamentary injunction that they were to complete it in the course of five years. As it was just possible that the Board might really set to work in earnest before the allotted term had expired, this contingency was carefully guarded against by committing to an independent authority an absolute power of vetoing any and every scheme which might be proposed. No active-minded man was ever yet content with a mere veto; and no one who considers himself a constructive genius, can be expected to indorse a plan to which he has not himself contributed the principal elements. It was therefore pretty certain from the first that if ever the Metropolitan Board did propose a scheme for the drainage of London, Sir BENJAMIN HALL would not be unlikely to discover excellent reasons for rejecting it. The legislative provision for doing nothing was in fact as complete as it well could be. The active work was entrusted to a body not likely to be great in originating anything, while the duty of approval was cast upon a department far too clever and original to be able to approve any but its own conceptions.

No one has the least right to be disappointed at the results of the experiment. Three plans have been proposed, and all of them have been unceremoniously rejected, and very possibly may have deserved their fate. Sir B. HALL having thus effectually snubbed the ambitious attempts of the Board, there was little prospect of any further active business in the mere execution of a veto; so, with praiseworthy devotion, he has contributed a suggestion of his own, by way of letting the Metropolitan Board know what sort of plan would be likely to escape his absolute condemnation. As is generally the case with mixed constitutions, the more energetic element has merged the rest. Though armed by law with nothing but a veto, Sir BENJAMIN has managed to assume the initiative, without abandoning his legitimate authority to decide in the last resort. We are very indifferent as to the source of the design by which our river may at last be saved from pollution, and ourselves from cholera and typhus; and whether the grand London sewer is to bear the insignia of Sir BENJAMIN, or the composite arms of Mr. THWAITES' vestry, we shall be truly grateful to see the work executed or even commenced. But we are sadly afraid that the whole project has degenerated into an affair of Blue-books, and references, and deputations, and that all chance of action is becoming smaller and smaller as time goes on. If Sir BENJAMIN HALL was unable to approve any of the proposals which were submitted to him, what probability is there that the Board will meekly accept the counter-suggestion which has been laid before them? Captain GALTON has picked innumerable holes in the project of Mr. BAZALGETTE, and it will not be very difficult for Mr. BAZALGETTE to return the compliment. We may look for admirable sparring between rival engineers, and perhaps for warm debates in Parliament, on the competing schemes. Costly plans and surveys will be at the command of any amateur who may take up the sewage question, and we shall have a choice of estimates, varying from three to ten millions, to bewilder our conceptions of the financial side of the enterprise. Everything except action may be confidently anticipated, and when the next visitation of cholera may have been fed by the exhalations of the Thames, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have long been in possession of a score of plans of which some would surely have sufficed to avert the evil.

Without attempting to enter into engineering details, it is easy for any one, however unfamiliar with the subterranean aspect of the sewage question, to see that there are faults enough in the official plan to insure its rejection by the Metropolitan Board. Sir B. HALL's referees may or may not have been right in condemning Mr. BAZALGETTE's last project as inadequate and objectionable; but, notwithstanding the enormous addition now made to the estimated cost, it is pretty clear that we have not yet got an adequate and satisfactory plan. At present, the consideration of Sir BENJAMIN's communication stands adjourned until next week, when the Engineer of the Board is expected to give his opinion on the modifications recommended by the official referees.

The scale of the proposed works is enormously larger than

anything hitherto suggested, and the anticipated cost is proportionately increased. Another source of additional expense is the suggested extension of the outfall to Sea Reach, instead of the neighbourhood of Erith. There is only one other material difference between the project of the Board of Works and the present scheme. The Engineer Commission proposes to extend the limits of the area, to be drained by gravitation alone, to a much lower level than Mr. BAZALGETTE had considered feasible. This, of course would be an improvement, if practicable, as it is obviously desirable to dispense with the cost and risk of machinery to the utmost possible extent; but in order to effect this object the engineers have found it necessary to reduce the inclination of their main channels to a fall too slight, according to Mr. BAZALGETTE's theory, to maintain a sufficient flow. This seems, however, to be the pet point of the referees; and the Blue-book records a series of elaborate experiments in justification of their view. Specimens of rubbish of every description were put into a running stream, and the velocity which just sufficed to carry off the deposit was carefully noted. Columns of figures are given to show the rate at which fluid must move, in order to keep a channel clear of the ordinary obstructions which are likely to occur; and the unscientific reader is tempted to look into the subject by enticing photographs of the old nails, bits of coal, oyster-shells, and ginger-beer bottles which were used in the experiments. All this is very pretty, and it may perhaps prove the sufficiency of the scheme. We leave it to professional persons to pronounce on this, though we must confess that the first impression of unscientific investigators of the Blue-book is likely to be that the engineers have most satisfactorily proved that they have selected an inclination for their outfalls, just sufficient to insure their not acting. No doubt this may be a mistake on our part, but there is another feature of the design which renders it quite unnecessary to inquire whether it would work or not. We are really not palming off a hoax in saying that it is gravely proposed to construct two magnificent open ditches, some twenty or thirty miles long, down which the accumulated filth of London is intended to flow, at the majestic pace which a fall of six inches in the mile is likely to insure. Whatever the Metropolitan Board may say to this abominable project, we are quite sure that the common sense of London will not allow it to be carried out. We have heard of desperate remedies for all sorts of evils, and homœopathic doctors are said to work wonderful cures by administering drugs whose natural properties are such as to aggravate the disease under treatment. But it needs strong faith in this kind of philosophy to believe that the nuisance of one river full of diluted filth will be abated by substituting two rivers charged with all the same abominations in a highly concentrated shape.

The thing is so preposterous that, even if it could be carried out for nothing, we should be infinitely better without it. But it is difficult to believe that we are not reading a page from *Punch*, when we find it solemnly proposed to add about two millions and a half to the expense of the entire system of drainage, for the sake of manufacturing these precious ditches. To cover them over would, we suppose, cost as much more, and bring the whole estimate up to something like eight millions, which would no doubt grow, as estimates do grow, up to ten millions at the least. However, if the work is to be done at all, it must be done decently; and if the refuse must be taken all the way to the sea, it must be prevented from poisoning a couple of counties which have the misfortune to lie in its path. We do not profess to decide on the necessity of so vast an extension of Mr. BAZALGETTE's scheme as is now suggested; but of this we are quite sure—that money will not be very willingly paid for the sake of making the Thames nuisance worse than it is, and that the prospect of getting anything done is further off than ever.

VOLUNTEERING.

NO one who has ever read Mr. Carlyle's description of the taking of the Bastille can forget the proposals made by combatants more zealous than experienced for superseding the old fashioned routine and red tape by which the *Garde Française* were attempting to bring matters to a conclusion. With a noble contempt of cannon and musketry, one patriot proposed to pump streams of vitriol over the walls—another suggested the use of an explosive material of new and terrible powers which he was about to invent—whilst a third wished to smother Delaunay and the Swiss by burning large quantities of hay under their noses. It is a general propensity of mankind, when they have got into a

difficulty, to rely on any ingenious little scheme that presents itself for getting out of it, rather than on the broad, plain, and disagreeable principles with which all the world is familiar. If a man is in debt, he constantly hopes to free himself by some wonderful scheme for getting two-and-ninepence out of half-a-crown. If he is out of health, he pins his faith upon a quack pill, or upon drinking a tumbler of cold water two hours before breakfast. Every one has seen his neighbours play such tricks on themselves, and most of us are probably conscious of having played them on our own credulity. Unless we are much mistaken, the various schemes which fill the columns of the morning papers for raising "splendid brigades" of clerks, younger sons of small squires, bachelors of arts without a mission, and so much of Young England as finds itself in an anomalous and exceptional position, are nothing more than illustrations of the same temper of mind applied to public affairs.

The problem which these gentlemen propose to solve is this—men being wanted for India, and a difficulty being found in getting them, how are they to be obtained? The answer is, Let the Government raise a set of regiments upon such terms as will prevent any one from enlisting who cannot command a certain amount of money, and let the promotion in such regiments depend entirely or principally upon merit; and thereupon large numbers of recruits will present themselves of a much higher rank in life than that to which private soldiers usually belong at present. The first question which arises upon this proposal is, what ground is there for supposing that any such class as it implies does in fact exist? "We," is the answer, "are flooded with letters upon the subject." It is, of course, difficult to say exactly how many letters make a flood, but if we suppose that word to be satisfied by some sixty or seventy correspondents, we are by no means disposed to think it would be safe to conclude that, if the proposal were adopted, there would be anything like a corresponding number of recruits.

In order to belong to such a class, a man must combine a set of such singular qualifications that its numbers must surely be very small. He must, in the first place, possess a certain amount of means and a certain amount of education; yet he must be either so entirely loose upon the world, or else so desperately enthusiastic in a good cause, as to be willing to go to India as a soldier with the same kind of prospect of obtaining promotion by his personal prowess as attends every French private who goes to the infinitely less hazardous service in Algeria. It is quite incredible that any considerable number of persons should fall under the first of these categories. When we consider what a private soldier's condition is, and in the nature of things must be, and when, on the other hand, we reflect on the various careers which civil life in the present day affords to all classes—and especially when we remember the boundless field which emigration opens to the very class in question—it is impossible to suppose that any large number of reasonably well-educated men should look upon such a prospect as an opening in life. Besides, with all deference to the two or three "graduates of Oxford" who are ready to embark in such a scheme because they have no prospects at home, and who consider themselves "part of a large class," it is a very unusual thing for people to be sent to college, and to take degrees—or even to find themselves, after a less elaborate process, in the possession of a certain amount of education and money—and yet to be entirely destitute of prospects and connexions. Somebody, at any rate, must have felt interest enough in these gentlemen to spend a good deal of money upon them; and if, as a matter of prudence, their best course is to become common soldiers, with an indefinite chance of promotion, such a state of things must be very odd and very uncommon.

The other description of recruit—the person who is to go out from an enthusiastic wish to execute just vengeance upon the rebels—is a still more extraordinary person. Far be it from us to sneer at the righteous anger which has been for weeks past burnt into the very soul of every Englishman by such infamies as the earth has seldom witnessed, and hell has seldom devised—anger which can only be appeased by a retribution which distant generations will remember with awe. But this most righteous feeling is a very different thing from that curious disposition which is imputed to what is supposed to be a large class of young Englishmen. These persons, we are told, are ready to give up their prospects, to accept all the hardships of a private soldier's life, and all the dangers of Indian warfare, in order to avenge their countrymen and their countrywomen; but they will only do so in good company, and upon favourable terms as to promotion. We cannot say we place great faith in men who graduate their noble rage so very exactly. There was some humour in the conduct of the gentleman who, being insulted by a dirty fellow in the street, offered to fight him if he would go home and wash himself first; for, in all probability, the cause of quarrel was not very deadly. But what should we think of the zeal of a man who offered to arrest a murderer if the bystanders would lend him a pair of gloves to keep his hands clean in the struggle? To form a brigade avowedly for the purpose of affording a vent for genteel indignation, does seem a very wonderful proposal.

Independently, however, of the flimsiness which convicts such a scheme of quackery, there would be grave objections to it even if it were practicable. Every one must see that it would produce endless jealousies and heart-burnings to incorporate in one army two sets of regiments organised on fundamentally different

principles, and drawn avowedly from different classes of society. Who would choose to command a brigade of men every one of whom would instantly write to the *Times* to revile the treason, incapacity, and routine of which he had been the victim, if his regiment was not always put in the post of honour or of safety, as his fancy for the time being might dictate? How would the Oxford graduate relish being placed by the officers of other regiments on the same footing with private Jones or Smith? Or how would private Jones or Smith like to see his fellow-private, the Oxford graduate, walking arm in arm with his old school-fellow the Captain, or talking familiarly with his uncle, the colonel? We all know how bitterly the Line and the Guards retort complaints upon each other on the strength of comparatively trifling differences. Are we to complicate and extend such quarrels still further?

The real recommendation of the scheme, in the eyes of many of those who advocate it is, that its adoption would tend to get rid of the purchase system by a side wind. It is supposed that its success would make the regiments raised in pursuance of this plan so popular that the other regiments in the service would, by comparison, fall into discredit. Now, whether or not the purchase system may require revision, is a very important question demanding much consideration; but whatever may be the truth respecting it, it is clear beyond all dispute that its determination ought not to be prejudiced by the measures taken to meet a particular emergency. We shall certainly not be able to recast the whole organization of the army without a full Parliamentary discussion of the subject, and till such a discussion has taken place it is clearly the duty of Government to use the weapons which the practice of the Constitution has put into their hands. Be the sale of commissions good or bad, it would be a most dangerous and despotic act on the part of the Executive to take an important step towards its abolition without the consent and direction of the Legislature, and no one can doubt that the embodiment of a number of regiments on the proposed principle would have that effect.

The real state of the case is one of those painful and obvious truths which there is no good in attempting to evade or deny. We want a certain article at a certain price, and it is not to be had at that price. The only thing to be done is to bid higher. When wages are high, when work is plentiful, and when emigration has become a familiar and obvious expedient for relieving distress, it is useless to suppose that men will enlist upon the terms which satisfied them in former times. In some form or other we must give an enhanced price for them. What the particular form may be in which that price may be most effectively given, is a question of detail which can only be settled by minute practical knowledge. Whether an advance of bounty or an increase of pay, or a diminution of stoppages, or a more liberal issue of necessaries, or better terms as to the time of enlistment, or a combination of these or other advantages may be the proper course we do not pretend to know; but that, in some form or other, we must pay for what we want, appears to us to be a proposition as incontrovertible as it is unwelcome. All attempts to get men on other terms are mere quack nostrums.

We do not wish to be understood as casting any reflection upon the utility of schemes for enrolling volunteer regiments in different parts of the country, on the plan of the local militia so extensively raised during the great French war. That such a force might be very useful for many purposes, and especially as a resource in such extreme cases as rebellion or invasion—emergencies for which, however improbable they may be now, we ought not to be altogether unprovided—we can readily believe; and we are not prepared to deny that it may be in many ways desirable to popularize the knowledge of the use of arms. But these are questions of an entirely different order from those which are brought before the public by the writers to whom we are alluding; and for the present, at least, we purposely abstain from discussing them.

THE CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF FRANCE.

M. REYBAUD has recently drawn attention in France to the charitable institutions of that country, and both his statements and his criticisms deserve remark. France has struggled hard to preserve herself from the abyss of legalised pauperism, and we can understand the jealousy entertained by men of reflection of the inroads of Governmental organization in the relief of the poor. The condition of the lowest class of the population in old societies forces on us the difficult problem of the proper means to keep from starvation those whom private charity cannot or does not reach. In England, we have answered the question by the erection of workhouses, and we believe that the sum of experience may be taken to show that the choice really lies between the workhouse and the entire abandonment by the State of all attempts to provide for the poor. M. Reybaud prefers the latter branch of the alternative, and would leave the whole maintenance of the poor to private charity. We should be sorry to express any strong dissent from his opinion. The evils of a Poor Law are enormous. The moral degradation which it entails is incalculable. But an old society, where population presses closely on or exceeds the means of subsistence, must make up its mind to face a terrible fact if it abandons or dispenses with a Poor Law. There will be generations, how many or how few no one can say, in which a very considerable

number of human beings will die of starvation, or from the want of sufficient sustenance, if the State does not interfere. Those among the poor who were roused by their fears to struggle for themselves would gain greatly by the State abstaining from giving any relief; but very many would not struggle, but die. M. Reybaud says that they might be saved by the exertions of private charity. But we know practically that charity has its limits, and especially its local limits. There are places where charity scarcely exists, and portions of the population to which it scarcely penetrates. In England, sums which may be called vast, even when measured by the gigantic wealth of the country, are given yearly in charity. Four millions of money are compulsorily collected and distributed under the provisions of the Poor-law, and yet the poor are only just kept, if they are kept, above the level of starvation. If the four millions were withdrawn, is there any probability that they would be replaced from the pockets of the benevolent? Even if they were replaced, how is relief to be distributed in places where the machinery of charity does not exist in the persons of resident zealous and influential administrators? We do not mean that these considerations are conclusive. It is possible that the requisite machinery might be created, and that benevolence might be stimulated up to the necessary point. But a certain amount of time must elapse, and meanwhile a certain number of human beings must die.

The history of the State's interference in France is as follows:—In 1808, an Imperial decree was issued, the object of which was to establish places of authorized relief for the poor, and at the same time of punishment for vagrancy. The expenses were to fall partly on the public treasury, and partly on the departments where the *dépôts de mendicité* were organized. The project was never carried out in any great portion of France, and after the Restoration it received no further aid from Government. Still, the *dépôts* were not suppressed, and the Government of July determined to carry a comprehensive measure for the relief of the poor. It was, however, thought necessary, in the first instance, to collect facts on which the measure might be based, and a list of questions, framed with great care and skill, was sent to the different prefects. The answers came in very slowly, and nothing was done. There were, however, a few more *dépôts* opened between 1840 and 1848, and at the present time twenty-five departments are provided with these establishments. They have, however, had a very slight success. They are principally used as houses of correction for wilful and confirmed vagrants; but, as M. Reybaud remarks, the confinement of a vagrant can be but a temporary remedy, for, when his confinement is over, his vagrancy recommences. Besides, as some only of the departments have *dépôts*, the natural effect is that the professional beggars pass from those which have them to those which have not. The next step therefore which would naturally suggest itself is, to make the erection of *dépôts* obligatory on all the departments. But this, says M. Reybaud, is impossible, because many of them are too poor to support the burden.

To meet this state of things different plans have been suggested, and in the department of La Nièvre an attempt has been made in the last few years of considerable importance and interest. Its author is M. de Magnitot, the prefect of the department. He entered on his office in 1854, under circumstances sufficiently discouraging for the commencement of a charitable enterprise; for the country was still suffering under the effects of two bad harvests in succession, and the mendicancy of the Bourbonnais—of which La Nièvre forms a part—is notorious in France. He at once rejected all notion of obtaining a compulsory rate in aid; for he could only have obtained it by the vote of the *communes*, and there was no prospect of their unanimously granting it. He therefore appealed to private charity, but determined to prevent its capriciousness, and to give it the aid of official organization. He issued circulars to all the persons of local influence, and asked them to explain and recommend his project to others. This project was, to open a subscription common to the whole department, to which those who pleased should contribute a sum left entirely to their own discretion, but supposed to be equivalent to that which they had previously found themselves obliged to pay to the professional beggars of the district. Contributions were to be received both in kind and in money, and every one was left perfectly free to determine the amount and mode of his subscription. But he was to engage to continue the same contribution yearly for five years, and to pay a quota every three months, and to pay it to the same official who would have demanded it if it had been a direct tax. To persuade any large number of persons to pledge themselves to a voluntary payment for five years is a difficult task; but, as M. Reybaud says, a prefect has an influence to which everything yields. So many people have something to get from him, that any project he starts is sure to be well received. M. de Magnitot had all the authorities, civil and religious, with him; and, before long, the subscription list promised a yearly revenue of 12,000*l.* Application was then made for permission to establish a *dépôt*. The sanction of the Government was obtained, and a vigorous effort has been since made to suppress mendicancy, now that the prefect has a fund in hand on which he can rely for the relief of casual and unavoidable destitution.

What are the prospects of the scheme? If we look only to the contributors, the balance is decidedly one of gain, as compared with the effects of a compulsory contribution. They give

because they think it right to give, not because they cannot help giving. They therefore enjoy the luxury of benevolence. Perhaps their contribution cannot, strictly speaking, be called a free gift, because it only represents what used to be wrung from them by the importunities of mendicants who terrified or wearied them. But still it contains so large an element of what is voluntary, that the contributors must receive from it some of the benefit which follows the disinterested performance of good works. But if we look to the poor the gain is not so certain. The plan seems to combine the general disadvantages of State relief with special disadvantages of its own. Like all organized systems of aiding the poor, it creates a large portion of the pauperism it relieves. The poor of that department know that 12,000*l.* a year is held in trust for them. They can shape their lives so as to harmonize with so comfortable an arrangement. They seem to have a vested right to the money, and it will become a trade to urge successful claims, and appropriate as large a portion of the common stock as possible. It is exactly the same thing to the poor whether the contributions are voluntary or are compulsory. But the voluntary contributions have this special disadvantage, that they may cease at the expiration of any period of five years. M. Reybaud asks his countrymen to admit that they are very fond of novelty, and that after a certain interval the mere fact of a thing having existed for some time impels a great many persons to wish to put an end to it. At the end of two or three quinquennial periods, the charity of La Nièvre may slacken or cease, and then a sort of right of relief will have been established without any fund existing to meet it, and the poor will not only be demoralized by the continuance of the relief, but irritated by its cessation.

M. Reybaud dwells earnestly on the evils of legalized assistance, and points out that, in France especially, it is exceedingly to be regretted that the State, which seizes on the management of almost everything, should encroach on a domain which hitherto it has scrupled to enter definitely—the sphere of private charity. He also refers to that other form of State relief which the policy of the present Emperor has made so conspicuous, and goes over, in a lucid and powerful passage, the irresistible arguments, which show that, of all forms of State assistance, that of cheapening the food of large cities is the most dangerous. So far he is on sure ground; but when he comes to speak of what is to be substituted for State interference, we cannot deny the difficulties he has to encounter. Private charity, if lavish and indiscriminating, is almost as demoralizing as public charity. If a man can be sure that, though he spends his wages in drink, his wife and children will be fed and clothed, he is equally corrupted by this state of artificial security, whether the relief comes from the squire's lady or the Board of Guardians. M. Reybaud allows this, but says that charity may be made really useful and innocent, if it is given, not in money, but in articles of necessary use, and if it is given by persons who personally visit the abodes of the poor. This is only true when relief is given with great discrimination, and the visits are sufficiently frequent, long, and familiar to make possible a real acquaintance with the characters and circumstances of the persons relieved. But it is only a certain class of the very destitute whom benevolent persons can visit in this way. There remain those large masses, half criminal, half unfortunate, who drag on a miserable existence out of sight of the rich and the benevolent, over whom no ordinary district visitor has any control, and who deceive and baffle the simplicity of any one but a trained and professional visitor. It may be the best way to let a certain number of these persons die annually from want, rather than degrade the more respectable poor by the intervention of organized assistance. But this is the issue to which the question must be brought. If we recoil from the consequence, then no system can be better than that adopted in England, of holding out the perpetual certainty of relief in its barest and most repulsive form.

A PRUSSIAN VIEW OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

A PAMPHLET on the Military Revolt in India has just appeared in Leipzig. Its author is Baron von Orlich, who travelled, some years back, through a large portion of our Eastern possessions, by command of the King of Prussia. He was, he says, induced to write on this subject by observing that, of all the Continental journals which he had seen, only the *Allgemeine Zeitung* and the *Journal des Débats* appeared to treat it with either fairness or knowledge. After briefly hinting at the faults of organization which Sir Charles Napier deplored in our Indian army, and to which the Crimean campaign turned our attention in the Queen's service, he comes to the "first warning-sign" of this great catastrophe—the disastrous retreat from Cabul. The massacres of English officers and the captivity of their families were not thrown away on the mind of the Sepoy. The Briton, who had hitherto appeared invincible, was proved to be vulnerable; and the tale of our calamity passed on, like the beacon-light in the Grecian tragedy, from Mahomedan Court to Mahomedan Court, not only through the whole of Hindostan, but far into Central Asia. The unfortunate affair of Stoddart and Conolly, whose fate still remains unavenged, had also a widespread and baneful influence. Some of the economical measures of the Indian Government tended further to excite the minds of

the soldiery. One of these affected the Irregular Cavalry; and another was felt chiefly by the Bengal Sepoy, who is proverbially fond of money, and enters the army simply with a view of getting together a small sum with which he may return to his village and his fields. The difficulties which were put in the way of those who wished to obtain pensions acted in the same direction, and became fuel to what was already a smouldering fire. Another unfortunate circumstance occurred before long. The murderers of the two English envoys sent to Mooltan remained unpunished. The native press was not slow to make capital of this omission. During the last twenty years, provinces have been added to British India equal in extent to France, Belgium, and Holland; but, nevertheless, the European force has not been increased. Already, in 1843, Baron von Orlich was asked by Sir Henry Hardinge, then Secretary-at-War, what impression the Anglo-Indian army had made upon him. He answered, that he thought the English troops should be doubled, and that no natives should be employed in the Artillery.

The perilous consequences of the deference paid to the high-caste Bengal Sepoys did not escape the quick eye of the Prussian soldier, trained in the school of Blücher and of Gneisenau; but so much has been already said on this point, that we will pass it over. We are glad to see that Baron von Orlich is not led away by his military predilections to disparage the Civil Service. There can be no doubt that, although many of the great men who won the Indian Empire were soldiers, the Company has been, of late years, far better served by its commonplace civil, than by its commonplace military functionaries. Now that the character of the raw material supplied to the Civil Service has been so immensely raised, there is no doubt that the number of military men in civil employ will every year decrease—that is, until military appointments have, like those of the Civil Service, been thrown open to general competition.

There is another very important subject to which Baron von Orlich alludes, and which has hardly been sufficiently attended to. While sensible Anglo-Indians have ever discouraged all direct attempts at interfering with the religion of the people, they have forgotten that every advance made towards the education and civilization of the natives is an indirect blow at their various superstitions. It was right—it was inevitable—that they should act as they did, but it was unwise not to have a force in the country which might crush the disaffection which was certain, sooner or later, to break out. After noticing the scanty success which has attended all missionary effort in the East, Baron von Orlich observes:—"It is remarkable that most of the civil servants are strongly disinclined to all attempts at conversion; while, on the other hand, many English officers exert themselves to convince the natives of the falsehoods of their priests." We know that this is perfectly true, but we do not think it at all remarkable. If Baron von Orlich had been at an English school, he would readily understand the mystery. The officers of the Indian army, he would then know, are chiefly recruited from a class of boys who are as far as possible from being either thoughtful or intellectual. When such persons are the subjects of what are called "religious impressions," they too often become fanatics, and think they do God good service by following into every extreme of absurdity those irregular impulses which hurry them now to devotion as once they did to vice. The tone is given to the Civil Service, on the other hand, by men who grow up under those influences which, fortunately for this country, are powerful in moulding the character of most of our best workers at home. Neither thoughtfulness nor religion come to them like a thunder-clap, merely because they are not shot in this or that battle, or do not break their necks in this or that leap. Acting, then, under an old and accustomed feeling, they know how to give unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. We cannot agree with Baron von Orlich about the Indian free press. A Native free press is no doubt a mistake, but a free European press in India is a great safeguard. What we ought to do is to raise the character of that press. If Government or private enterprise made it worth the while of really honest and able men to go out to manage the journals of India, they would make the best *haute police* which could possibly be invented.

Baron von Orlich shares the suspicion, universal on the Continent, and not unknown amongst ourselves, that Russian agents have had something to do with the recent horrors. He points to the intrigues of Russia in Central Asia and in Persia, to the delight of the Indian mind in crooked ways, and to the pleasure which the native princes take in spinning webs of secret policy. There may be something in this. We can only say that nothing has yet been proved which goes at all to establish it, and one of the tricks of Russian diplomacy is to exaggerate its own working with a view of producing an undefined feeling of awe. Amongst other reforms which Baron von Orlich suggests, is the raising of the European force to 100,000 men. It seems more than doubtful whether the revenues of India would enable it to support anything like such a force. We must of course increase our European army, but much is to be done by less sweeping measures than that which Baron von Orlich proposes. If we must have many more Europeans, might we not raise a few Italian regiments for India? The Calabrian constitution would suit the climate well, and under English officers Italian troops are a match for those of any nation. Some few regiments of Abyssinian Christians might also be introduced. The plan of mixing various castes and reli-

gions, which has been carried out to some extent in Bombay, might be extended all over India. Large districts might be disarmed, as the Sattara territory was by Captain Grant; and in some provinces, such as Bengal Proper, the ordinary duties of the army might be performed by a police organized on some such plan as the Irish constabulary. What with a judicious mingling of Sikhs and Goorkas, Jews from Western India, and native Christians, there is a good deal to be effected without incurring the expense and other disadvantages of a vastly-increased European force. It must not be forgotten that the completion of roads and railways, and the facilities which we hope to see given ere long to the introduction of European settlers and European capital, will greatly increase the power of the Government.

Baron von Orlich shares to the full the horror and indignation which has been excited in every English breast by the hideous atrocities of this unparalleled outbreak. "The sword and the noose," he says, "must exterminate the rats;" and again, "when Delhi is stormed, the avenging hand must have its way, and destroy as once Nadir Shah did in the same spot." This letter is dated the 1st September. What would its author have said if he had known all that we have learnt since? It would be difficult for us to surpass the terror inspired in the Asiatic mind by Nadir Shah, and Tamerlane, and Zenghis Khan, but we have one means of doing so. Our vengeance must not be a mere sudden whirlwind of devastation which blasts the innocent and the guilty alike. When the first outpouring of wrath is over, we must have no hasty amnesties. We must spend a great portion of the next three years in hunting out and punishing without mercy every man who has been, directly or indirectly, concerned in the rebellion; and we are glad to infer from Baron von Orlich's views on the subject, that we shall be supported in our work of retribution by the enlightened public opinion of other European States.

THE MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENTS OF THE MANCHESTER ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

OUR survey of the multifarious contents of the Manchester Exhibition of Art-Treasures is now nearly completed. There merely remain to be noticed a few departments of the collection which could not well be classed under any of the heads that have successively passed under our review. First in order we will take two or three of the glass-cases of the Museum of Ornamental Art which have hitherto been undescribed. The Wall-case A contains a host of curiosities, many of which, however, are of less artistic than antiquarian interest, while some have almost the dignity of relics, and others would make the fortune of Madame Tussaud. Cardinal Wolsey's broad-brimmed hat, worn and faded—a real Doge's cap, of gold lace, with no brim at all, and with the strange peak behind with which the fine Bellini portrait in the National Gallery has made us familiar—the identical dagger with which Felton assassinated the Duke of Buckingham—and the shirt and watch of Charles I.—are here assembled. Add to these a multitude of antique watches, fancifully engraved and enamelled, knives, spoons, combs, jewels, and embroidered ornaments. Here are to be seen bridal-knives, such as were worn by ladies in the sixteenth century; a veritable "horn-book;" a common shoe, incised with its date—1595; seals and snuff-boxes, rings and lockets. Among these rich specimens of personal ornaments are placed, somewhat incongruously, a minutely-carved Crucifixion, seemingly of Greek workmanship, and a curious Byzantine triptych. For many persons this interesting assemblage of relics will have a special charm and fascination. The Wall-case S contains an additional number of articles for personal or domestic use. Therein are arranged a series of coffers and caskets—one in dark leather, arabesqued in a gilt pattern, that formerly belonged to Lorenzo de' Medici—and others (contributed by the trustees of the Board of Trade at Edinburgh) curious examples of the speciality of one Indaco, an artist of the sixteenth century, who used a gilt ground whereon he traced patterns and figures in a kind of mastic. Here too may be seen some fine damascened work, a casket, contributed by Lord Craven, and an inkstand which once belonged to Cromwell, the secretary of Wolsey.

Tapestry, embroidery, and lace-work, form a distinct department of ornamental art. Some very fine tapestries, and in excellent condition, are hung under the transept galleries and in the Meyrick armoury-courts. They are chiefly of French or Flemish work; but those in the Soulaiges Collection date from the fifteenth century, and are of superior design. The subject of these latter seems taken from a romance of the time. The long disused art of embroidery in silk and gold-thread has been lately revived for ecclesiastical purposes with perfect success, and some specimens of modern workmanship might well have been admitted here in contrast to the faded palls, vestments, and altar-hangings, contributed by Stonyhurst College, St. Gregory's Church, Norwich, the Fishmongers' and Saddlers' Companies, and some private collectors. These remarkable examples of patient and artistic toil are, however, of unequal merit, and the series is very far from complete. The lace-work is still more defective, though there are specimens in Case Y both of pillow-lace and guipure. The latter, or point-lace, worked entirely by the needle, is the more valuable, and may be studied in some good specimens contributed by Miss J. Clarke.

The art of ornamental bookbinding is one of no small interest and importance. We have already noticed book-covers in ancient metal-work, in enamelling, and in ivory carving. The artistic treatment of pure leather-work—the mysteries of stamping, tooling, pouncing, inlaying, gilding, and colouring—remain to be mentioned. In Case V may be seen some charming bindings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—in particular an Aldine volume bound by Gaseon for the Chevalier Grolier, one of the earliest connoisseurs in this branch of ornamental art. The older examples are by Padeloup, Derome, Bradel, and Staggenier; and there are some modern bindings, scarcely if at all inferior to their predecessors, from the workshops of Lewis, Bedford, Tarrant, and Holloway. Other examples are to be sought in Wall-case P, in which, besides a selection of antique bindings, there is an elaborately-carved Bible-cover, in wood, by Mr. Rogers, of London. The design of this is inferior to its execution.

Had it not been for the lamented decease of Mr. Kemble, the department of Early British, Celtic, and Anglo-Saxon Art would have been one of the most important in the Exhibition. As it is, there are some most interesting antiquities disposed in the Wall-case U—for instance, the Celtic bell-case, belonging to Dr. Todd, and the singular horse-headed pastoral staff contributed by Cardinal Wiseman. These belong to the period between the seventh and eleventh centuries. The Meyrick Collection contains a Celtic shield and some Early British targets. The Anglo-Saxon art is to be sought exclusively in the Fawcett antiquities, which, to the discredit of the authorities of the British Museum, became part of Mr. Mayer's museum at Liverpool, instead of being purchased for the national collection.

The Meyrick collection of arms and armour, arranged and described by Mr. Planché, and a selection, on the north side of the nave, from Windsor, the Tower, and other places, are extraordinarily rich and complete. Many of the pieces exhibited are of high artistic value as specimens of embossing, inlaying, engraving, damascening, and other processes; and the whole series has great historical interest. The suit of armour belonging to Alfonso II., Duke of Ferrara, 1568, may be mentioned as a marvellous specimen of sumptuous ornamentation by means of embossing and inlaying. Here, too, are targets, by distinguished artists of the time, that belonged to Francis I. and Charles V.—the latter of steel, with gilt engravings on *niello*—and suits of Prince Henry and his brother, afterwards Charles I. The weapons form a horrifying array of murderous implements—lances, maces, halberds, with every variety of fantastic blades, martels, swords, partizans, morning-stars, and battle-axes. With these are assembled crossbows, matchlocks, pistols, and bayonets. Some of these specimens, like modern arms, are sternly rude and practical, as if their makers had had no time for ornamentation; but upon others has been lavished a world of toil and fancy. What, for instance, could be more ornate than the ivory crossbow of the time of Henry VI., carved with innumerable coats of arms and groups? With this, for profuseness of decoration, may be compared a fine anelace from Windsor, and the rapier of Philip II. Near these is a sword, the hilt of which, splendidly wrought, is attributed to Cellini himself. It is surely to be regretted that this fine collection of masterpieces of the armourer's skill was not arranged in a manner more likely to invite and attract the student of art. The grotesque lay figures of men and horses in full tilt are so out of place, that many persons, we are convinced, have been repelled from a closer examination, which would have revealed to them some rare and noble examples of the application of art.

Of the miniatures we have hitherto said nothing, but not because the collection is unworthy of notice. On the contrary, we doubt if so extensive and valuable a series has ever been gathered together before in one place. But the truth is, that without a detailed catalogue, and without a better arrangement of the frames, it is absolutely impossible to examine them in detail. The miniatures have been hung, very injudiciously, in a constantly thronged gangway at the top of the staircase to the south transept gallery. And even when the space before them was free, little could be seen of objects so small, crowded in glazed frames, without (for the most part) names or descriptive labels to the various portraits. We saw enough, however, to make us the more regret these impediments. The celebrated collections contributed by the Duke of Portland and the Duke of Buccleuch are of singular historical value, and many of these miniatures are the undoubted works of some of our earlier English painters. For instance, Frame 1 contains exclusively miniatures of the Tudor time—the works of Nicolas Hilliard and Isaac Oliver. Among them are Henry VIII. himself, three portraits of Elizabeth, and one of Sir Philip Sidney. It is clear that the National Portrait Gallery must not exclude contemporary miniatures from its collection. Frame 2 contains works by Peter Oliver and Samuel Cooper, including portraits of the Queen of James I., Anne of Denmark, Charles I. at the age of twelve, Inigo Jones, and Waller, the poet. Flatman and Bernard Lens are the names of later artists who make their appearance in Frame 3. The "Resignation" here, by Isaac Oliver, is a poor and affected ideal figure; but the portrait of Oliver Cromwell, by Lens, is a work of exceeding ability. Three other frames, also belonging to the Duke of Portland, introduce us to the later works of Cross, Hoskins, Petitot, and Zinke; but the subjects of many of their portraits are named neither on the pictures themselves, nor in the catalogue.

The Duke of Buccleuch's collection of miniatures, filling eleven frames, is still finer. The first of these frames (No. 7.) contains a portrait of King Henry VII. in a contemporary setting, richly carved in wood, and, besides other miniatures, three likenesses of Mary Queen of Scots. Among a host of other celebrities we may specify the Regent Murray, of whom there are no less than five portraits; Sir Harry Vane; Gustavus Adolphus, in a contemporary frame; Sir Kenelm Digby, a particularly fine miniature; Madame de la Vallière, Charles II.; the great Duke of Marlborough; and Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras*. Next we come to some detached miniatures:—Mr. Labouchere's "Lord Falkland," which was at Strawberry Hill; Lord De Lisle's capital full-length of Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester; and Lord Powis's recumbent figure of Lord Herbert of Chisbury, a work of Isaac Oliver's. From other contributors come miniature likenesses of Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn, Charles V. when aged nineteen, Hilliard himself, Devereux Earl of Essex; and we must include some fine works from the collection of the Rev. Heneage Finch. A number of modern works by Carrick, Ross, Newton, and Bone, may be briefly passed over; and then we reach some more ancient miniatures worthy of examination, such as Luke of Leyden, by himself, Mary Queen of Scots, Francis II., of France, and Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk—by unknown artists. In this place, too, must be noticed two of the most precious gems of the Meyrick Collection, though they are to be found, not here among the miniatures, but downstairs in Case L., among the Douce ivories. These are Holbein's portraits of Henry VIII. and Anne of Cleves. They are framed in contemporary ivory carvings, and are quite worthy of the setting. Finally, in one of the glass-cases of the Mayer Collection will be found a most curious series of miniatures, cameos, &c., including nearly all the Buonaparte family. The portrait of Charles Buonaparte, the father of the first Emperor, is said to be the only one in existence. Other contemporary notabilities, such as Bernadotte, Ney, and Murat, are also admitted into this curious collection.

The Oriental Court, admirably arranged and described by Dr. Royle, is not so novel a feature of the Exhibition as to deserve a detailed description. But the lessons that our modern craftsmen have to learn from the manufactures of the East are so numerous and important, that we do not question the expediency of admitting among the art-treasures of the United Kingdom this choice but often-exhibited selection of the arts of China and Hindostan. The Court itself is a kind of epitome of the application of art to industrial processes. Mats and carpets, textile fabrics in wool and cotton and silk, calicoes and muslins spangled with gold-dust, and embroidered with all the hues of the rainbow in exquisite harmony and combination, works of the jeweller and goldsmith, *nielli* and enamels, gems and crystals, arms and armour, wrought lattem and pewter, pottery and porcelain, mosaics and carvings in every material, lacquered ware and japanning—such are the chief riches of this gorgeous Saloon. And well would it be for our manufacturers in general, and for those of Manchester in particular, if they could rival, in their respective branches of industry, the truthfulness and reality of design, the appropriateness of ornamentation, and, above all, the perfection of colouring, displayed in these art-products of Eastern civilization. At any rate, the mere fact of seeing what use is made of decorative colour in Oriental art, must of itself, one would think, tend to refine and correct the tastes of even the least intelligent observers.

One more department of the Manchester Collection demands a hasty notice. We have left the Sculpture to the last—not because it is intrinsically of little importance, but because it is about the most inadequately represented branch of art in the Exhibition. Doubtless, statues of a high order of merit are still among the rarest of art-treasures; and doubtless, also, their possessors would be in general unwilling to run the risks of transport in the case of works at once so precious and so difficult of carriage. But still we cannot but think a better selection might have been made; or at least, in the absence of the original statues, good casts of famous works might well have been admitted. As it is, there are but few specimens of real value, and a provoking multitude of insipid mediocrities. And so many of the figures are statuettes, that the eye becomes confused as to the scale of comparative measurement between the different sizes. We will mention a few of the best, and a few of the worst, of the 160 works exhibited. There are three average statues by Canova. His "Venus at the Bath," belonging to Mr. Mendel, has his characteristic merits and demerits, the former predominating. The other two belong to Lord Ward. Of these, "The Dying Magdalen" is affected, and the "Venus" has little of the dignity or modesty of the antique. The same nobleman sends a replica of the "Greek Slave" by the American artist, Powers. This statue seemed to us to have rather lost than gained in reputation since it was last exhibited. On the other hand, the "Eve at the Fountain" by Bailey, contributed by Captain Leicester Vernon, vindicates its claim to be a work of the highest order; and Gibson's fine statues, especially his "Hunter," exhibited by Mr. Sandbach, breathe all the sentiment of antique art. How bright and joyous his "Eros," belonging to Mrs. Yates; and how full of power his "Narcissus," and "Wounded Amazon." Mr. Stephenson contributes Powers' "Fisher Boy"—a real work of genius—the boy listening earnestly to the murmur of a sea-shell, fearing lest it should bode a coming storm. Macdonald's "Andromeda" and "Eurydice" seem to us the best of several

works by which he is represented; and there is much beauty in Wyatt's "Ino and Bacchus" and "Preparing for the Bath." The "Ophelia" of Calder Marshall scarcely answers to our ideal of Shakspeare's creation, and his "Sabrina" does not rise above prettiness. Mr. Spence's statuettes are thoroughly tame and feeble; and Mr. Fontana's imagination, in sculpturing the "Genius of Commerce," does not soar higher than a winged, half-nude, expressionless boy clenching stupidly a large gilt purse in his right hand! Hogan's "Startled Eve," Westmacott's "Euphrosyne," and Papworth's "Startled Nymph," must be accused of mediocrity. McDowell's "Virginius" is a study of a mere butcher; and Theed, Munro, and Durham are poorly represented. We confess ourselves disappointed in the specimens of the earlier style of Banks and Flaxman contributed by the Royal Academy. But a new bas-relief by Davis, of the Madonna and Child, seemed to us graceful in design and religious in feeling. Of foreign sculptors, Schwanthaler's "Venus disarming Cupid" is by far the best example. Schuler, Byström, Galli, and Molteni, scarcely rival our English artists. Geefs ranks somewhat higher, by virtue of a pretty statuette called "The Queen of the Waters." Finally, two or three antique fragments, a few bronzes, ancient and modern electrotypes, and a number of busts—most of them of contemporary men of mark—exhaust this important, but neglected, branch of art. The statues, such as they are, add a charm to the perspective of the nave, and to the saloons of pictures, and we can scarcely wish them absent. But never was an opportunity of popularizing the sculptor's art more signally thrown away; and we cannot but repeat our expressions of regret that a collection of art-treasures should be so deficient in so principal a department. With these remarks, we bring to a close our critical review of the contents of the Manchester Palace. Some observations on the general success and result of the experiment will come more appropriately in our next number, contemporaneously with the final close of the Exhibition.

REVIEWS.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT may possibly be objected that the work with which we are about to open the present *résumé* has no right to figure in a chronicle of French literature. But the subject—the French Revolution*—and the language (for though the work of an *étranger*, it is written in French) may be justly advanced in mitigation of the offence. It may further be urged that the histories of the French Revolution by Thiers and Mignet, not to mention a whole library of inferior productions, have left little to be said on that great crisis of European civilization. This objection the author of these *Etudes* has met and answered in his preface, which is full of shrewd and profound reflections. He reminds us that both the histories named above were written for a purpose. They were written at the instigation of Manuel, the great champion of French liberalism—to use no stronger word—who thought that the cause of the Restoration would be materially damaged by restoring to their pedestals the images of Marius, and by setting up the principles of the Revolution against a Government by which those principles were but grudgingly and of necessity recognised and acted on. He further believes that, as a natural consequence of this preconceived purpose, M. Thiers has allowed himself to warp facts to suit his theories, and has drifted into a noxious fatalism as a means of masking the responsibilities which rest on the shoulders of his favourite heroes. From the bias which has thus marred the usefulness of a man whom he does not hesitate to declare the *facile princeps* of modern historians, our *Etranger* believes himself to be wholly free. He can say with the Roman historian:—"Mihi Galba, Otho, Vitellius, nec beneficio nec injuriâ cogniti." The professions thus set forth in the preface are amply borne out by the body of the work. His tenderness towards the virtues of Louis XVI. does not suffer him to forget that all that was most amiable in that monarch's disposition was (to use M. Barante's expression) only another form of his weakness—his total want of force and energy of character. The work opens with a sketch of the causes which ushered in the Revolution, and closes with the reaction of the ninth Thermidor and death of Robespierre. Trite and familiar as are the facts narrated, the interest of the perusal never flags, and we can only hope that the reception these volumes meet with may be such as to encourage the author to prosecute his task. If we may be allowed to indulge in conjectures, we should say that the author is a Russian. He speaks of himself in the preface as "*habitant un pays très éloigné de la France*," and in the epilogue he tells us that he has taken advantage of a "*voyage en Allemagne*," and consequent proximity to Paris, to see these volumes through the press. Besides, we doubt whether any one but a Russian could have compassed such a mastery over a foreign language. We would call the reader's special attention to the remarks (i. 114.) on the principle of governmental centralization carried out by Richelieu, which ended in a fatal exclusion of the aristocracy of the country from all healthy participation in the affairs of the realm—also to the review of the literature of

the eighteenth century as an instrument of revolutionary propagandism (pp. 120—139), to the account of the attack on the Bastille (p. 405), to that of the famous *séance* of the 4th August (p. 466), and to the description of some of the principal members of the *Assemblée Constituante* (ii. pp. 58—70), especially that of Mirabeau (pp. 71—82, compare pp. 203—207). The Appendix to this volume contains Raynal's memorable letter to the *Assemblée*. In the third volume, the trial and death of Louis XVI. and the Reign of Terror are the topics towards which the reader's attention will mainly be attracted. We cannot, however, refrain from bestowing a passing encomium on the admirable reflections at pp. 435—446, on the causes by which France allowed herself to be trampled underfoot by Robespierre and his crew. There is something very despicable in the craven apathy by which the country was then possessed.

It has been reserved for the nineteenth century to bring into relief the glory which attaches to Richelieu's memory as the master builder of that gigantic administrative system of which his genius laid the foundations, and which Napoleon did but complete. Voltaire, and the two historians of Louis XIII., Griffet and Bazin, had all of them treated the internal policy of the Cardinal with singular injustice and disdain. Guizot and Thierry, Martin and Cheruel, had taken occasion to vindicate the claims of the illustrious statesman to a chief place among the administrative reformers of France, but the nature of the works they respectively had in hand prevented them from entering into minute details. This deficiency is amply supplied in a most erudite and interesting publication now before us,* from the pen of M. Caillet, which may be said to exhaust the subject, passing under review as it does all the modifications introduced into every branch of the public service under the government of Richelieu. Throughout the volume, it is interesting to trace the first germs of that levelling equality which bore fruit a hundredfold in the French Revolution. For, in the language of the present day, it cannot be denied that Richelieu was heart and soul a Radical. His grand aim was to quench the faintest spark of rivalry or resistance to the exercise of supreme power as centralized in the Crown. "Down with the aristocracy" seems to have been the motto by which all his measures were guided. The evils which had resulted in preceding reigns from the repeated collisions between the regal and feudatory power, Richelieu made it his business to obviate for the future, by covering the country with an administrative network, the meshes of which would foil the efforts of any refractory seigneur, whether lay or ecclesiastical. We remember that one of our enlightened senators took occasion, a year or two ago, in a debate on Army Reform, to censure Richelieu for his aristocratic prejudices in the constitution of the French army. We believed at the time, and this volume confirms our impression, that Richelieu was the first to introduce the system of promotion from the ranks (p. 372). In a work of which the interest is so equable, it may seem invidious to single out particular chapters. We cannot, however, but call special attention to the account of Richelieu's dealings with the Church and University, in chapters v. and xiv., and of the influences he brought to bear on literature, science, and art, as recounted in chapter xv. It may be well to state that M. Caillet has not confined his laborious researches to printed sources. Vast collections of manuscripts which he scattered throughout Paris have been ransacked with an industry of which this unpretending volume gives but a faint idea. He deserves the gratitude of every student, and we might add every writer, of French history.

Some two or three years ago, a work was published by M. Fleury, the design of which was to establish the truth of those relations which tradition alleges to have existed between Seneca and St. Paul. M. Aubertin pursues a diametrically opposite path,† and we have no hesitation in saying that his searching criticism has entirely undermined the foundations on which M. Fleury had attempted to reconstruct the crazy legend of the fourth century which elicited the too ready homage of the middle ages. St. Jerome is the first who mentions, as being current in his time, a collection of letters between St. Paul and Seneca, on the authenticity of which he does not himself offer an opinion one way or the other. His indifference is corroborated by St. Augustine's visible scepticism on the matter at issue. The Fathers anterior to St. Jerome, both Greek and Latin, are very sparing in their allusions to Seneca, and totally silent as to his connexion with, and conversion by, St. Paul. Lactantius and Tertullian treat him as they would any other heathen writer, and Cyprian and Ambrose never mention his name—a thing incredible if the tradition had rested on any sure foundation. This total absence of any affirmative evidence in behalf of the legend continues up to the ninth century; and it is remarkable that those who gave it such general currency in the middle ages were obviously destitute of any other authority than the passage of St. Jerome already referred to. After the sixteenth century, assent to the popular fable has been very generally withheld by the best authorities. Armed with these results, M. Aubertin proceeds to show, first, from a history of St. Paul's ministry, that any personal intercourse between the Apostle and

* *De l'Administration en France sous le ministère du Cardinal de Richelieu*. Par J. Caillet, Docteur en Lettres. Paris: Didot et Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Etude Critique sur les Rapports supposés entre Sénèque et St. Paul*. Par Charles Aubertin. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

* *Etudes Historiques sur la Révolution Française de 1789*. Par un *Etranger*. 3 vols. Paris: Didot. London: Jeffs. 1857.

the Philosopher was out of the question; and secondly, from an attentive study of Seneca's writings, that his only teachers were ancient or contemporary philosophers, and that he had no cognizance of any portion of the New Testament Scriptures, most of which were posterior to his own writings. In order to get over the difficulty of the obviously apocryphal character of the correspondence in its present shape, it had been contended that the letters as they stand are only mediæval forgeries of the originals extant in St. Jerome's time. This M. Aubertin denies. In the concluding chapter, he endeavours to show that these letters (of which he gives the text, with a critical commentary) are the identical productions to which St. Jerome referred, and that they belong, and could only belong, to the fourth century. We think this the weakest part of his case; and we say so the more readily, as we believe he may well afford to dispense with the argument.

A kind of mystery hangs over the origin, language, and literature of the Basques, both Spanish and French, which all the labours of legions of scholars of every age and country have hitherto been unable to clear up. The work before us by M. Francisque Michel,* a writer who enjoys a deservedly high reputation as a philologist, not only embodies the best assured results at which previous scholars had arrived, but furnishes very valuable matter and ideas, which prove that its author is no "mere gatherer of other men's stuff." Commencing with the geography, ethnology, and language, he passes on in succession to the proverbs and scenic representations of the Basques, their amusements, contraband practices, Bohemian tribes, their superstitions, fisheries, habits, and costumes. He then gives a full analysis of their popular poetry in a chapter occupying upwards of 200 pages, which is succeeded by an account of their music, their principal writers, and literature generally. It is to be regretted that he has not reproduced in this volume what he had given in a previous publication—namely, all the *littérature* of his subject, or a list of all the works which have been published with a view to elucidate the problem of the Basque language, or Euscara.

A great blank exists in the literary history of France. We allude to the period which elapsed between the close of the sixteenth century and the middle of the seventeenth. Literature was then in a transition state, which has not been sufficiently explored by her historians. The French Academy seems to be sensible of the lacuna, for it has recently proposed as a subject for a prize, "*Le travail des lettres et le progrès des esprits avant le Cid et le Discours de la Méthode.*" Meanwhile we have before us a very interesting *étude* on a personage who may be called the central figure of the period to which we refer. As an orator, a translator, and a philosopher, few men of that day occupy a place so distinguished as Guillaume du Vair. Great alike in the theory and the practice of eloquence, he brought with him to the task of translating the *De Coronâ* and the *Pro Milone* qualities which no subsequent French translator has been able to surpass. As a writer on ethics, he possessed a wealth of wisdom from which Charron, by his own admission, has not scrupled to fill his coffers. Disguise, in fact, would have been useless, for entire pages of Charron are copied textually from Du Vair. M. Cougny has done good service to the literature of his country by the publication of this interesting and learned monograph. Not the least curious part of it is the account of Du Vair's embassy to England, and more especially the description of Queen Elizabeth, extracted from his *Memoirs* (p. 38). Montaigne was one of the first in France to secularise moral philosophy, which had hitherto been bound up as it were in the same volume with dogmatic theology. Du Vair, by his *Philosophie Morale* and his *Sainte Philosophie* brought to completion the work in which Montaigne had first broken ground. A basis of morals was now laid outside the sanctuary. Declension from the faith did not of necessity involve a declension from virtues, to which even a heathen would do homage. M. Cougny's labours will not have been thrown away, if they shall induce any of his readers to turn over the pages of Du Vair, and judge for themselves of the truth of his panegyric. The fifth chapter is a valuable contribution to the history of the French language, containing, as it does, a list of words first employed by Du Vair, and other details of a like nature.

The students and admirers of Racine will find much to interest them in two small volumes† in which the Marquis de la Rochefoucauld has put together all the manuscript notes which were to be found in the great dramatist's books and papers, as presented by the younger Racine to the Bibliothèque Impériale, at Paris. First we have an analysis of the *Iliad*, then a collection of notes on the Greek dramatists, which are succeeded by some reflections on Racine's own plays, with various readings, and other criticisms. In the second part we have a series of moral reflections in Latin and French, written, some of them, when Racine was only fifteen years of age. It is needless to insist on the extreme interest of such a *recueil*. Every one will hasten to annex it to his edition of the poet's works.

During the last two or three years, a series of excellent works,

* *Le Pays Basque, sa Population, sa Langue, ses Mœurs, sa Littérature et sa Musique.* Par Francisque Michel, Correspondant de l'Institut, &c. Paris: Didot. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Guillaume du Vair. Etude d'Histoire Littéraire.* Par E. Cougny. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ *Études Littéraires et Morales de Racine*, publiées par le Marquis de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt. 2 vols. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

under the title of the *Bibliothèque des Sciences Morales et Politiques* have been in course of publication by Guillaumin, to which we are anxious to invite attention. Already the whole of Bastiat's and of Leon Faucher's works have been placed in the collection, and to these a worthy addition has just been made in the shape of Baudrillard's *Manual of Political Economy*,* and of a second and augmented edition of Moreau de Jonnés's standard work on statistics.† M. Baudrillard, one of the *rédacteurs* of the *Journal des Débats* and *rédacteur en chef* of the *Journal des Économistes*, has exercised for the last six years the functions of *Suppléant* to Michel Chevalier, in the Chair of Political Economy at the Collège de France. Of the course of lectures thus delivered, the present volume is a succinct *résumé*. To those who have not ready access, not only to standard works but to the most recent "monographs" on political economy in France and Germany, this *Manual* will render signal service. M. Baudrillard is one of the most enlightened champions of Free Trade, and of progress generally, of whom France can boast, and it is much to be desired that his views should be widely circulated among his own countrymen. In England, the truths he enunciates have long since ripened into truisms; but they seem to acquire fresh attractions under the auspices of a writer so conspicuous for terseness, elegance, and perspicuity. In the matter of statistics, on the other hand, France has left England far in the rear, so that M. de Jonnés's work may teach us many a useful lesson. The author gives a succinct account of the principles and machinery which have been employed in drawing up the *Statistique Générale de la France*—a subject on which no one is more competent to speak than himself. In the second part, he proceeds to give illustrations of the application of the facts and figures thus registered, to the elucidation of individual and social life. We call particular attention to the chapter on landed property, as calculated to correct errors and prejudices respecting the subdivision of land, to which Arthur Young's famous work has given great currency in this country.

It was a happy idea on the part of M. Goschler to extract and translate the letters of Mozart,‡ and of his father, which are to be found in Nissen's biography of the great artist. We regret that the original is not by our side, that we might test the accuracy of the translation. M. Goschler, however, has had considerable experience as a translator, so that we see no legitimate reason for being sceptical as to the merits of his performance. Sceptical, however, we confess, we occasionally are. It is patent to all that M. Goschler has had a purpose in publishing this volume—a purpose against which we are by no means disposed to murmur—namely, to prove that Mozart was a devout Roman Catholic; and it is obvious that with this purpose before him, he may very possibly have unconsciously given a *tournure* to his translation, not altogether warranted by the original. We merely mention this in order to put the reader on his guard. Meanwhile, we can say that the volume is full of most entertaining matter, and gives a very charming idea, not only of the musician but of the man.

The widow of Adolphe Adam—the famous composer of the *Châlet*, the *Postillon de Lonjumeau*, and a host of other operas—has just published a kind of *In Memoriam* of her husband, who died about a year ago, in the shape of a volume, entitled *Souvenirs d'un Musicien*,§ and preceded by fifty pages of autobiographical notes, printed as they were found jotted down among the author's papers. These last are extremely interesting. Adam was a pupil of Boieldieu, whose name stands at the head of the *Souvenirs*, which seem to consist of a series of articles or feuilletons, written probably when Adam was engaged in the *redaction* of the *Constitutionnel*. There is one on amateur music, which will win the hearty suffrage of every professional artist. The notices on Rameau, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Dalayrac, are all of them in the highest degree amusing.

One of the most popular representatives of the light literature of France in the present day is M. Octave Feuillet.|| In a very short space of time his volume of *Scènes et Proverbes*—which consists of a series of *nouvelles* in a dramatic form, among others the *Rédemption* and the *Clef d'or*, two of his most famous works—has reached a tenth edition. Another volume, called *Scènes et Comédies*, has also been *encored*—an honour for which *Le Village* and *Dalila* are alone sufficient to account. To the sprightliness and finesse of repartee which distinguish the *proverbes* of Alfred de Musset, M. Octave Feuillet adds a fund of moral beauty to which Musset had never any claim. Nor is it only in smartness of repartee that M. Octave Feuillet excels. There are two pages in *Dalila*, in which the old musician, Sertorius, gives words of counsel—too soon to be neglected by his pupil—which contain some magnificent outbursts of eloquence, and should be carefully connoed by every artist. We may also allude to page 216 of the *Ermitage*, and the whole scene in the *Rédemption* between

* *Manuel d'Economie Politique.* Par M. H. Baudrillard. Paris: Guillaumin. London: Jeffs. 1857.

† *Éléments de Statistique.* Par A. Moreau de Jonnés. Paris: Guillaumin. London: Jeffs. 1857.

‡ *Mozart. Vie d'un artiste Chrétien au Dix-huitième Siècle, extraite de sa Correspondance authentique.* Traduite en Français. Par L. Goschler, Chanoine Honoraire. Paris: Douniol. London: Jeffs. 1857.

§ Adolphe Adam. *Souvenirs d'un Musicien.* Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1857.

|| Octave Feuillet. 1. *Scènes et Proverbes.* Dixième Edition. 2. *Scènes et Comédies.* Nouvelle Edition. 3. *La Petite Comtesse—Le Parc—Onesta.* Paris: Michel Lévy. (Bibl. Contemporaine). London: Jeffs. 1857.

the Curé and Madeleine. It is not, however, with these volumes that we are now so much concerned, as with M. Octave Feuillet's latest work, consisting of two tales, *La Petite Comtesse* and *Onesta*, and one *scène dramatique*, *Le Parc*. That both the tales are beautifully and powerfully written, no one can deny. We venture to submit, however, that he has not paid sufficient attention to the advice he himself has put into the mouth of one of his characters, in a passage already referred to:—"Tâche d'amener la foule dans le sanctuaire; mais surtout n'en sors jamais." Certain it is that they betray a want of repose, a redundancy of grossly improbable and fanciful incidents, which go far to make the reader forget the lessons which the story unfolds.

We may notice, in conclusion, another trio of amusing volumes from the pen of one and the same author, M. Emile Carrey, which, under the general title of *L'Amazone*,* contain an amusing tissue of nautical and other adventures, which came to pass on and about the coast of South America, as the title aforesaid implies. They should be read in the order in which they are named below, for the *Huit Jours sous l'Equateur* is a kind of prologue to the other two, which are supposed to be founded on a manuscript confided to the author by one Don Enrique, on his return to France from South America. Apart from the interest of the story, these volumes are valuable from the pictures they contain of scenery and of life and manners in the Brazils and adjacent districts. We gladly gather from the conclusion of the *Révoltés du Para*, that they will be followed by some further adventures in Central America.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH.†

MR. READE has his faults as a novelist, of which the greatest (justly stigmatized, as we still think, by the *Edinburgh*) is the trick of romancing in the domain of fact, and giving the rein, not to his Pegasus, but to his crotchets and antipathies—a trick whereby he and other popular writers are apt to produce, not immortal creations of the fancy, but shortlived misrepresentations of fact. However, this volume offends very little in that direction; so let bygones be bygones, and let us enjoy the genuine excellences of a novelist of whom we have reason to be proud, for he is a real artist working towards a high ideal. He does not only write like the fluent pourers forth of interminable serials, and what he calls the "tri-voluminous" tribe—he creates and composes; and even if he succeeded less well than he does, we should say, honour to him who aims high.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," is exemplified in three tales, the first and second rather of a comic, the third of a pathetic kind—"The Bloomer," "Art, a Dramatic Tale," and "Clouds and Sunshine." The "Bloomer" is a young lady of that persuasion, who loses her lover by conscientiously insisting on appearing in the proscribed habiliments of her sect, and afterwards regains him by saving his life from drowning in the same costume. The story is very slight, and the tale altogether of the syllabub kind. The fun lies in the controversies about Bloomerism both in the drawing-room and in the kitchen. Mr. Reade makes Bloomerism, for which he has a weakness, triumphant over the ordinary charges of unfeminineness and indecency; but he allows it to succumb at last to the argument that each sex ought to have a distinctive dress of its own, as a sex; and that the Bloomer costume, if it would suit a young and graceful belle, would not suit a fat lady, or an old lady, or a woman "when she is most a woman." The hits at the draggling costume of modern times will be grateful to Paterfamilias, who pays for the cleaning of the streets in two ways—in his rates, and in the milliner's bill.

In "Art, a Dramatic Tale," we get back to *Peg Woffington* and the stage again—in fact we get so much back to *Peg Woffington* as to indicate a little poverty of invention. Alexander Oldworthy, the son of Nathan Oldworthy, a Puritanical country attorney, is sent up to London to study law under the discreet Timothy Bateman. Going to the theatre, he has his head turned by the beauty and the acting of Mrs. Oldfield, to whom he sends verses, and finally a whole tragedy, and whom he saves, without her knowing him, from the peril of being run over by the carriage of a lady who has a spite against her. Nathan Oldworthy, warned by the discreet Timothy Bateman of the state of the case, rushes up to London to save his son from the siren, forces himself into Mrs. Oldfield's presence, and after a rich scene, gets her to promise that she will disenchant her adorer. This she does, honour prevailing over love, by a consummate piece of acting, in which she appears to Alexander as a vulgar, mercenary, snuffy woman, who has put off all her stage attractions with her stage dress and paint. But the result is, that the poor youth, robbed of his ideal, the light of his life, instead of being cured and settling down to law, grows worse than ever, and his father, to rescue him from an early grave or a madhouse, has to apply to the siren to enchant him again.

* Emile Carrey. *L'Amazone. Huit Jours sous l'Equateur*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1857.

Idem. *L'Amazone. Les Mérites de la Savane*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1857.

Idem. *L'Amazone. Les Révoltés du Para*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1857.

† *The Course of True Love Never did Run Smooth*. By Charles Reade, Author of "It is Never too late to Mend," "Peg Woffington," and "Christie Johnston." London: Bentley. 1857.

This she does by reciting before him, in her own house, a part of his own tragedy in a manner that overpowers not only him, but his father too. Afterwards, the father, in spite of his Puritanical hatred of the stage, finds himself by his son's side at Drury Lane, witnessing the triumph of Mrs. Oldfield over her rival, Anne Bracegirdle, in the *Rival Queens*. The story should end in a marriage, but Mrs. Oldfield being historical, history forbids; and it only ends in a great friendship, Alexander being persuaded by Mrs. Oldfield to stick to the law. Mrs. Oldfield was worth seeing and knowing, if she was in real life anything like what she is in "Art." The tale revives the English stage in the days of its glory, and gives an opportunity for some talk about the drama and acting by one who knows what he is talking about. Mr. Reade is an admirer of the dramatic past. We cannot admire the scene which he quotes from the *Rival Queens*. What Oldfield, what Bracegirdle could have carried off this speech of Roxana to Statira:—

Wanton, in dreams if thou dar'st dream of bliss,
Thy roving ghost may think to steal a kiss;
But when to his sought bed thy wandering air
Shall for the happiness it wished repair,
How will it groan to find thy rival there?
How ghastly wilt thou look, when thou shalt see,
Through the drawn curtains, that great man and me,
Wearied with laughing joys that shot to the soul,
While thou shalt grinning stand, and gnash thy teeth and howl!

"Clouds and Sunshine" is a more highly-wrought and moving tale. It is a scene of farmhouse life, in which, as in stage life, Mr. Reade is evidently at home and takes delight, as we saw in the best parts of *It is Never too late to Mend*. The heroine is Rachael, the daughter of an old soldier. She has been drawn into an illegal marriage by a scoundrel who had another wife living. Deserted by him, she wins the heart and, after various alternations of "clouds and sunshine," the hand, of Robert, a young farmer, to whose father's farm she comes with her old father to earn her bread as a reaper. The picture of her in her sorrow and her purity, with her old father, is very beautiful, and such as one does not easily forget. Mr. Reade lays himself out as a painter of the character and the subtle ways of woman, and, if we may pronounce on that deep mystery of the art, not without success. "Clouds and Sunshine" altogether is a sweet and touching idyl, and makes one think of the Book of Ruth.

In this volume Mr. Reade has still the somewhat overbearing manner of a man who thinks he is kicking and cuffing a foolish world out of its errors and weaknesses. To a certain extent he is entitled to indulge in this manner, for he is at least a genuine student of character, and a hearty admirer of that which he thinks good. But, in men at least, he seems to care only for robustness and vigour. Hamlet with him would have been out of the pale of salvation. He still eschews commas, an eccentricity out of which it would probably be as impossible to reason him as it would be to reason a man out of wearing an odd hat. Every tree must grow somewhat in its own fashion. That out of which he might be reasoned, or might reason himself, is the trick of making small assiduous pokes at science, as if science cared for his small assiduous pokes. "Snobs in fustian without a single polysyllable to their tongues find all the gold and all the coal that is found; and science finds the *crustaceoiduncula*." Fustian jackets find the gold and the coal; and science shows the fustian jackets where the gold and coal are to be found—honour to science and the fustian jackets too! Mr. Reade might know, for instance, that the gold-fields of Australia were pointed out, long before they were thought of by the fustian jackets, by Sir Roderick Murchison. As to agricultural science, which is sneered at in "Clouds and Sunshine," we should like to set Mr. Reade to calculate how much the produce of England has increased since agriculture passed into the hands of science out of those of common sense and the wisdom of our rural ancestors. Mr. Cazenower in Mr. Reade's story may be turned out by his firm, and justly, because Mr. Reade, having it all his own way in his own book, makes Mr. Cazenower not a man of science, but a chimerical and blundering ass. But did the firm of Boulton and Watt find it expedient to turn out Watt? Then, again, what can be more absurd than to deride the generic names of botany for not being specific, or for being in a language which is common to the whole scientific world? If, indeed, Mr. Reade could persuade men of science to learn to write, or to employ the pens of those who have learnt to write, and to avoid clouding their subject with needless jargon, he would do good service. But he will find it difficult to sneer down science. Even the British Association, with all its weaknesses, could not be sneered down.

We shall be glad to have more from the same hand as speedily and as often as may be. But *Christie Johnston* is, in our opinion, the best thing that has come from it yet.

RUSSELL'S NORTH AMERICA.*

MR. RUSSELL'S work on North America belongs to a much higher class of literature than the common run of books on that subject; for it aims at giving special information, carefully and laboriously compiled, upon the very important subjects

* *North America, its Agriculture and Climate; containing Observations on the Agriculture and Climate of Canada, the United States, and the Island of Cuba*. By Robert Russell. Kilwhiss. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1857.

noticed on the title page. The purely agricultural part of the book, and the elaborate summary of the results of the latest observations respecting the phenomena of winds and storms, can interest only a small class of persons; but the observations which a man of Mr. Russell's understanding is led by his subject to make upon a variety of social topics, are sure to be valuable. There is much in the character of the work which reminds us of Arthur Young's travels in France, though, both physically and morally, it is upon a smaller scale. Mr. Russell's style is plain, forcible, straightforward, and entirely free from affectation and excitement, which is no slight praise to give to a work which aims, amongst other things, at examining the effects of slavery.

Mr. Russell arrived in Boston in August, 1854, from whence he proceeded to the Falls of Niagara, to Montreal and Quebec, thence through the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio to Cincinnati, and across Pennsylvania to Baltimore. From Baltimore Mr. Russell visited Washington, then Charlestown, and from thence he paid a visit to Cuba. He sailed from Cuba to Natchez in Louisiana, made an excursion on the Mississippi, and then returned to Washington. His observations were thus extended through nearly every district of the more settled parts of the United States and Canada, and he more particularly describes the impressions which he received from New England, Canada, the central inland States, the central States of the sea coast, Cuba, and the Southern States. New England and the north-west portion of the State of New York is for the most part a singularly barren region. A huge extent of granite stretches northwards from Long Island, and gives its character to nearly the whole surface of the New England States, and to a very great proportion of Canada. Very little wheat is grown in this district. In New England, a vast proportion of the land is under pasture, and it is stony to an extent hardly credible. Mr. Russell "saw hundreds of acres in cultivation, and heard of thousands over which one might almost step from one large boulder to another without ever touching the soil." Poor, however, as the country is, he adds another to the list of witnesses who testify to the substantial comfort and high state of morality amongst the inhabitants:—"It is very difficult," he says, "to draw lines of distinction between classes of society in New England. At the hotel I had some conversation with a person who had all the appearance and manners of a gentleman, but who was no other than a working mechanic. He had driven down his wife and family from a village thirteen miles inland, to have a day's recreation at Nahant." The factory girls at Lowell seldom remain in that position more than three or four years, during which they save as much as half their incomes, and are thus enabled, we suppose, to marry.

Mr. Russell's observations are very little in favour of the Maine Liquor Law. It is still nominally in force in that State; but as there is no executive authority to carry it into operation, it is a mere dead letter. Brandy is sold openly over the bar in many hotels, and may always be obtained by going into a cellar. On his journey towards Canada, Mr. Russell's attention was especially attracted to the cultivation of fruit, and especially to that of peaches. The best kinds were sold at four shillings a bushel. The whole of this part of the country is famous for the vast amount of fruit which it produces, and it contains, amongst other things, the largest nurseries in the world. These belong to the Messrs. Berry, who frequently supply single orders for 100,000 apple-trees.

In Canada, Mr. Russell seems to have found the people rather less rich and not so completely reduced to a uniform level of appearance as is the case in New England. They seemed, he says, fresher and heartier, but were not so good looking. They have a strong national feeling, and considerable jealousy of the Americans. The autumnal climate is very singular, on account of its great and sudden variations. A north wind makes a thick great-coat indispensable to comfort, whilst a south wind will send up the thermometer at once to 74° in the shade. The soil in Canada is very poor, and is chiefly in pasture, the good land having all been settled long since. Mr. Russell remarked, like many of his predecessors, the extreme disinclination shown by the French settlers to emigrate to the west. They prefer occupying the poorest soils, yielding the scantiest and most precarious subsistence, to separation from their friends. Indeed, their whole condition is one of the most curious illustrations upon record of the indelibility of national character under circumstances which might have been expected to transform it most radically. There is still to be found in Lower Canada, under English Government, in the nineteenth century, with all its physical facilities for change of every kind, and all its moral excitements, a complete sample of the France of Louis XV.

From Canada Mr. Russell passed to the Central States, which are the great wheat-growing district of America. Kentucky is a land of cattle and Indian corn; but Ohio, parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and part of Illinois, are the granary of the States. Mr. Russell's remarks upon them have little general interest, though he specifies one or two peculiarities which have a sort of pictorial merit. He describes, for example, the "oak-openings," which form a prominent feature in the country. They are undulating tracts of gravel, over which somewhat dwarfish oaks are distributed at singularly regular intervals, looking as if they had been planted by the human hand. The fertility of this district is curiously illustrated by the extraordinary progress of the town of Chicago, situated on the southernmost point of Lake

Michigan. In 1840 it contained only 4479 inhabitants. There are now nearly 80,000.

The chief interest of Mr. Russell's book to general readers lies in the sober and dispassionate estimate which his travels in the Slave States and Cuba enabled him to form of the economical results of the employment of slave labour, and his views have certainly the merit of being not only very clear, but logical and connected. His opinion is that slave labour is more economical than free labour in the cultivation of such crops as require a considerable concentration, and admit of a considerable subdivision, of labour. Tobacco in the Northern Slave States, and sugar and rice in the Southern, realize these conditions. A man can cultivate only two acres of tobacco in the course of the year, but he can cultivate twenty of wheat or Indian corn. Thus, in a grain estate of any extent, slave labour is out of the question, because the labourers cannot work in gangs, and have to be dispersed over the whole tract under cultivation without any effective supervision. Moreover, tobacco, rice, and sugar crops afford labour not only for men, but for women and children, so that a whole slave population can be employed upon them. White women in America never will undertake outdoor work; and it would obviously be uneconomical to set men to employments which require so little of their powers. Wherever a soil favourable for these crops exists, slavery, according to Mr. Russell, has a strong hold. Where, on the other hand, the soil is poor, and the estates (as is usually the case on such soils) are small, slavery dies out of itself. As the law or custom of primogeniture does not exist in the United States, a process of subdivision of landed property is continually going on, which would in itself have a tendency to put an end to slavery. But as the cultivation of the crops favourable to slave labour has the opposite effect, the result of the combined operation of the two sets of causes is, that whilst the institution of slavery itself has deep roots in the habits of the people, slave property is in a constant state of circulation from hand to hand; and therefore it is an object of the greatest importance to all who possess it to obtain as many markets as possible for their property, and so to increase its value. Almost all the land adapted for what may be called the slave crops, is already under cultivation. Very few slaves can be employed to advantage in the cultivation of grain. The natural increase of the slave population is therefore a source of embarrassment, and affords another reason to the slave owners for wishing to find additional means of disposing of them. It is to these two causes that Mr. Russell attributes the restless desire of the Southerners to extend the area of the States as far as possible towards the South; and he expresses an opinion that the hopes of superseding, or otherwise eradicating, the institution would be indefinitely postponed, if they would not be entirely frustrated, by any considerable extension of the United States in that direction. These observations curiously confirm and illustrate some remarks of Mr. Olmsted's, to which we referred not long ago, to the effect that the annexation policy of the Southern politicians proceeded to a great extent from their wish to add new States to the Union, and so to increase the number of slave votes in Congress, and balance the increase of the Northern States by the legitimate extension of commerce and colonization. Mr. Russell shows us the domestic, as Mr. Olmsted showed us the political, grounds of this course of conduct.

Of slavery itself Mr. Russell speaks in a very sensible and moderate manner. He seems to think that in such of the United States as he had an opportunity of observing, the slaves were by no means ill-treated, though he occasionally saw brutal and disgusting scenes at sales. In Cuba the case was very different. Nothing can be more horrible than the life of a Cuban slave. They are worked about eighteen hours in the day. They have but four hours' sleep, and the very drivers—themselves slaves—are so "tortured by sleep," that they urge the others to labour rather for the sake of keeping themselves awake by excitement than from any other motive. The disproportion of the sexes is enormous, and the waste of life, which is fearfully great, is supplied simply by the slave trade. There are a considerable number of Chinese in Cuba, who are nominally apprentices, but in reality slaves. They commit suicide in numbers. Mr. Russell's account of Cuba is anything but a bright one. He says that the Creoles hate the Spanish Government, which maintains as many as 23,000 troops there, besides which the almost incredible number of 35,000 Spaniards fill civil offices in the island, the population of which is about 1,500,000 of whom 600,000 are Creoles. Mr. Russell states that the filibustering expeditions were all planned and the expenses of them paid by the Cubans.

WATERTON'S ESSAYS ON NATURAL HISTORY.*

MOST people will be glad to meet again the patriarch of Walton Hall, although advancing years have done something to make his step less firm and his talk less amusing than they used to be. In the book before us, he continues his autobiography, and sketches the works and ways of some of those beasts of the field amongst which he has spent so many of his days. The autobiographical section is short but characteristic. We accompany its devout author to Caldaro, a Tyrolean village which came into notice some years ago as the residence of Maria Mörli, the

* *Essays on Natural History*. Third Series. By C. Waterton, Esq. London: Longmans.

Ecstatica. Mr. Waterton has, of course, no doubts. He is charmed with Father Capestrani, charmed with the rapt maiden herself, charmed with everything, and goes on to Trent and Venice edified and contented. "Chacun a son vilain petit gout," says the proverb. Here is Mr. Waterton's account of his arrival in the Queen of the Adriatic:—

The railway to Venice is supported by such a length of arches, that it fairly astounds the beholder. There must be good doings at the Hotel d'Europe in this ancient city; for we had scarcely got into it, when I spied a sleek and well-fed Hanoverian rat, basking in a sunny nook. It looked at us with the most perfect indifference—as much as to say, "I have capital pickings here, both for myself and my relatives." How well this plodding animal contrives to fatten, both in a cold climate and in a warm one! Although so late in the season, we could perceive numerous bats over our heads as we were sitting in the gondola. Woodcocks were lying at the shop-windows in great abundance.

The ornithological barrenness of the neighbourhood of Loretto is hardly compensated to this bird-loving pilgrim by the stupendous scale of the miracle which makes the city famous. He takes occasion, however, to assure us in passing that his belief is unhesitating, although not compelled by any decision of the Church. As a reward for his faith, he passes, before he reaches Rome, through a little oasis of birds, seeing and hearing finches, jays, and magpies to his heart's content. Few will linger over the pages which Mr. Waterton devotes to the glories of the Yorkshire bone-setters, a body of men who appear to act in some cases as surgeons to the poor. Still less will the records of two of his accidents detain the ordinary reader, although one of them was no less a disaster than walking in a dark night over the edge of Dover pier. The other contents of the autobiography are mere odds and ends, chiefly about Stonyhurst and Walton Hall.

The first and most important of the *Essays on Natural History* is devoted to the monkey family. It contains some amusing anecdotes, but its real object is to enforce the following propositions:—All monkeys may be divided into four classes—apes, baboons, monkeys with ordinary tails, and monkeys with prehensile tails. The first and second of these inhabit the old world only, the third is found in both hemispheres, and the fourth only in America. All monkeys, with the exception of the few stragglers on the rock of Gibraltar, are inhabitants of the Torrid Zone. No monkeys "make nests, nor do they prepare any kind of dens or recesses in the branches of trees." The largest species of monkey flees away instead of resisting when disturbed by the approach of man. These are not very sublime or recondite conclusions; but Mr. Waterton has a notion that the systematizing naturalist, with his *Platyrrhinus Cereopithecus* and other hard names, darkens counsel by words without knowledge, and drives the young away from his favourite pursuit. Accordingly, he is determined that, as far as he is concerned, the babes shall certainly not have any lack of milk. Besides, he has a whole cloud of wild travellers' tales to demolish, and this he does most zealously—sometimes, we confess, reminding us of the Frenchman, who observed, "Je ne crois pas aux tigres car je n'en ai jamais vu."

Having settled the degrees of precedence in the monkey-world, Mr. Waterton passes on to anathematize the pigeon-stealer, and vindicate the sanctity of the dove-cot. This abode of peace and felicity is exposed to the assaults of a twofold enemy, the professional thief, who robs to supply the managers of pigeon-matches, and the amateur sportsman who navigate barges along our inland canals. But the wrongs of the pigeon cannot detain Mr. Waterton long from his favourite South American, and in a few pages he is back amongst the humming-birds in the forests of Guiana. In this section of his work, he is at pains to point out that the humming-bird is not gregarious in the proper sense of that term—that it only feeds on the wing, darting like a meteor on the columns of insects which fill the tropical air, or sustaining itself while it sucks the nectar from the flowers by a motion of its wings so rapid as to be imperceptible. A slight and in no way remarkable sketch of Aix la Chapelle here breaks the thread of the *Natural History Essays*, but it soon ends, and we find ourselves amongst the dog tribe. Mr. Waterton is very indignant at the stories of packs of hounds spontaneously associating for purposes of mutual assistance in hunting. Hear his scornful peroration:—

But where is the sojourn of ever barking, growling, and carnivorous dogs in the forest? Will antelopes and kine, and wild asses, remain in a neighbourhood infested by such an assemblage of quarrelling quadrupeds? No doubt they would retire far away for self-preservation; and the farther they retired, the longer would the dogs be in finding something for their own craving stomachs. When at a great distance from their supposed retreat, what master-dog will take upon himself to organize the pack?—and when the hard day's hunting is over, how will he dispose of his confederates? Are the females which remained behind on the hunting morning in order to take care of their newly-whelped pups, supposed to wait in anxious expectation that some generous hound will return with a neck of goat in his mouth for their support? Certainly, if dogs be gregarious, and hunt for food in packs, the system appears very imperfect, and is somewhat against the order of nature, by which the dog can always find food in the wild, when he is a solitary individual; but must be sorely pinched at best, and often deprived of the means of obtaining it, when congregated, and scouring the country in large and quarrelsome, and famished packs.

Mr. Waterton, as a patriotic Yorkshireman, thinks that Scarborough has as good a right as Aix la Chapelle to be the subject of his eulogy, so we have a chapter upon that breezy watering-place, with digressions about the smoke nuisance, and the iniquity of the service of the Fifth of November. Then suddenly we are hurried to a discussion on cannibalism, and from cannibalism to foxes. Some years ago, some Englishmen

set up a pack of hounds in the Campagna. The following was one of the incidents which amused the Roman public of the day:—

A few simple rustics imagining that there must be something very agreeable to Englishmen in the flesh of a fox, or valuable to them in its fur, bethought themselves that the present opportunity was a good one to put a little money into their own pockets, and to benefit the neighbourhood by thinning the noxious vermin. Wherefore, without the aid of hounds and horses, these poor men soon captured a brace of foxes, which they carried to the new hunting establishment, and claimed a small reward for their well-timed services. Let us fancy for a moment the dismal faces of the master and his huntsman when the two foxes were taken dead out of the bag and placed at their feet. They raved and swore in such a manner that the poor countrymen, without waiting for the expected reward, took to their heels as fast as they could go, and deemed themselves fortunate in being able to escape with a sound skin.

Mr. Waterton has a great liking for snakes, and tries hard to put the character of those unpopular creatures in as pleasing a light as possible. "O! the beauty," he exclaims, "the grandeur, the innocence and supposed malignity of serpents with which I have come in contact beyond Demerara and Essequibo."

A short and would-be Horatian epilogue, not, however, in poetry, brings us to the end of this little work, from which few will gain much information, but which may help to pass, not unpleasantly, one or two idle hours. Mr. Waterton's portrait, which is prefixed to this volume, reflects not unfaithfully his singular mind. The expression is strangely compounded of wisdom and silliness, imbecility and shrewdness. If it is not a good likeness, it at least ought to be. A man who lives in the open air, watching for days and days the habits of animals, and making peace with all creatures that bite or sting, in the woods or the marshes—and who can then come home and vary his pleasant story-telling with old wives' fables and touches of bigotry which would have done credit to Torquemada—who can expect that educated people are to be amused by chatter whose coarseness is unredeemed by a single flash of wit—may well be supposed to have some such appearance as this. But we would not part on bad terms from our amiable, odd, old friend. May he be contented with the laurels he has already gained, and write no more books. May his sun go down in peace, and may he not in the next world encounter his two bugbears, Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth.

MR. WILLIAMS ON LAW REFORM.*

MR. WILLIAMS has done a very difficult thing very well. It is not once in fifty times that an attempt to enliven a dull subject by handling it in a light manner is successful. The greater part of the multifarious "Letters addressed to John Bull" are very melancholy mirth, and serve only to remind us of Joe Miller's request to have his milk and water supplied in different pails. In this instance, however, we think that the correspondent of the nation is more interesting than either his style or his subject-matter would have led us to expect; and we feel no doubt that his pamphlet—for it is hardly more than a pamphlet—will give many readers a clearer notion of one great tract of the dim wilderness of law reform than they would be able to derive from any other equally accessible source. In his own profession, Mr. Williams is well known as the author of the two most popular elementary books on real and personal property which have probably ever appeared. To our legal readers it will be a sufficient description of the *Letters to John Bull* to say that they greatly resemble the author's more important works in the ease of their style and the grasp of the subject which they display. To laymen we may describe them as conveying, in language perfectly plain, and entirely free from technicalities, the gist of several of the questions most warmly debated in the present day upon the real and apparent abuses of the law.

The most important of Mr. Williams's letters relate to subjects connected with that branch of the law in which he himself practises with distinguished success—conveyancing. He has a characteristic and honourable pride in this particular department of the profession, and exalts its claims to greater public estimation than it usually receives with a sort of good-humoured *esprit de corps* which it is always pleasant to see in a professional man. There is something almost touching in his picture of the virtuous simplicity of that slightly-recognised class of practitioners. They are "the literary branch of the profession of the law"—they are "quiet in their habits, confining themselves to chamber practice, and loving their art for its own sake rather than for the fame which stimulates their brethren"—they "are seldom heard of beyond the bounds of their profession." But they have their reward. They have an almost exclusive knowledge of the system of real property law. The showy orators of Westminster Hall and the fluent leaders of the Chancery Bar tremble in their wigs when their course lies through that valley of the shadow of death in which the pilgrim's narrow path is beset by springing uses, contingent remainders, terms which may be merged at any moment, and the ghostly relics—still occasionally endowed with a sort of sepulchral vitality—of fines and recoveries, base fees, and tenants to the *præcipe*. There is something terribly grim in the calm sense of superiority which the consciousness of being master of the powerful spell which lays such ghosts confers upon its possessor. With every respect for Mr. Williams, we cannot

* *Letters to John Bull, Esq., on Lawyers and Law Reform.* By Joshua Williams, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Sweet. 1857.

help looking upon a man possessed of such knowledge as something not quite canny; and we should think that when he has to advise against a brother conveyancer, he must be like Mr. Tunnicliffe, the Staffordshire wizard, retiring "with a blueness on him" into his bedroom to pass a night in struggling with the wise man of Derbyshire. Apart, however, from the magical view of the case, there is no doubt at all that a conveyancer has, as such, some acquirements of a very special kind, and far more important to the public at large than people usually suppose. Mr. Williams points out with great justice the vast saving of every sort of vexation and confusion which would accrue to the public if conveyancers were more largely employed in drawing Acts of Parliament. He points out the truth—sufficiently familiar to every lawyer, but less generally known than it deserves to be—that the power of employing language scientifically, so as to foresee and provide for every possible contingency, is a special art which can only be acquired by long and laborious study; and he states some facts which strikingly show the advantages enjoyed by those who specially devote themselves to this pursuit over those who only follow it occasionally, as circumstances lead them to do so. In Ireland, where the division of labour in the legal profession is not carried nearly so far as in England, 18 per cent. of the cases reported in four volumes of Chancery Reports turned upon disputed constructions of deeds or articles. In England, the proportion was only 4 per cent. Another example of the precision with which drafting may be effected, when entrusted to proper hands, is to be found in the case of the Act for the Abolition of Fines and Recoveries, which occupied the whole time of the late Mr. Brodie for nearly a year, but which has never, since it was passed in 1833, been "explained" or "amended" by subsequent legislation, and has hardly given rise to any judicial decisions of importance. It is not a creditable circumstance—and it goes far to explain the slovenliness of other Acts which might be mentioned—that Mr. Brodie was never paid for this masterly performance.

Mr. Williams gives some useful hints on one or two other points belonging more especially to his own subject. One of these is the possibility of cheapening and otherwise facilitating the transfer of land. Mr. Williams is of opinion that a great deal might be done for this object by simplifying various branches of the law, and he especially refers to the law of mortgages as standing very much in need of such simplification; but he also insists upon the fact that there are many intrinsic differences between land and stock which make it idle to suppose that the one can ever be transferred quite as easily as the other. The whole system of settlements, which is too closely allied to many of our national habits and feelings to be given up, must be entirely destroyed before 100l. Consols and an acre of ground can be brought to exactly the same degree of convertibility. Another subject referred to is the much-debated question of primogeniture, as to which Mr. Williams may certainly claim the merit of slaying a popular error which, in the eyes of all persons who have any acquaintance with the law, never had any business to be alive at all. He points out that the strong feeling which exists in many quarters either for or against the abolition of this principle is founded almost entirely in error, because the principle itself has, in fact, become almost entirely inoperative. It is not once in a hundred times that a man claims property as the heir-at-law of his father. No one in this country proposes to shackle the power of testamentary disposition; and so long as that remains in its present state, the system of providing for the eldest at the expense of the younger sons, will in practice depend entirely upon the habitual feelings of the landowners, and not upon the state of the law. Every large property in the country is the subject of settlements voluntarily entered into by the parties concerned, and it is almost exclusively by their instrumentality that the custom of primogeniture is kept up. This is put beyond doubt by the circumstance that in Kent, where the law of gavelkind prevails, by which all the sons succeed equally on the death of the father, the social condition of the country is not materially different from that of other parts of England.

Other letters which do not refer to Mr. Williams's particular subject are well worth attention. In one, for example, he suggests that instead of paying attorneys and solicitors by a tariff of prices—which is universally admitted to be constructed on the absurd principle of making up for not paying for what is done, by paying for what is not done—it would be the wisest course to establish Free-trade in law as well as in other things, and to allow a man to make his own bargain with his attorney, as he makes his own bargain with his builder or his bookseller. The principle of such an arrangement has no doubt much to recommend it, but we should be inclined to doubt whether, if it were possible, it would not be better to pay such bills by a percentage on the sums which pass in the business transacted, as stockbrokers are paid by a per-centage on stock transferred. It is very hard, and rather invidious, to say what is and what is not a fair price for a man's time and labour, when the value of skill, and education, and hope deferred are all to be taken into account.

Mr. Williams's concluding letter on Criminals, advocates Captain Maconochie's plan of what is called the mark system, which consists in giving prisoners labour instead of time sentences, so that by every hour's work they will at once shorten their imprisonment to a corresponding extent, and earn themselves certain indulgences in the way of diet. By this means, it

is contended, the prisoners will be subjected to the same kind of discipline which nature has already laid upon us all, only in a more palpable form. The theory is, no doubt, humane and plausible; but we think it is defective in not taking into account the extreme unreasonableness of mankind in general, and that of avowed criminals in particular. No wise parent would commit himself to telling his child that till he ceased complaining of rice he should live upon bread and water. To enter into a contest with the will either of a child or a man, is the surest way to turn the patient's sympathies against his physician. We are quite sure that, under the system proposed by Captain Maconochie and Mr. Williams, it would become a point of honour with criminals to live on bread and water, and to embarrass the prison authorities by steadily refusing to work. It is perfectly true that the proposed system is nothing more than a different application of the same tests which are applied to us all; but it is also true that it is to be tried on men who, *ex hypothesi*, have already failed to support those tests. A man who, when out of prison, would rather steal than work, is just the kind of person who, when in prison, would rather stay there on bread and water than work his way out on bread and cheese. We should recommend to Mr. Williams's consideration that part of the Report on the management of Birmingham Prison which refers to Captain Maconochie's experiments there. His system seems to us to have failed entirely on that occasion; and though it is perfectly true that it had not a fair trial, it is also true that the causes and circumstances of its failure were very instructive as to its merits.

PHANTASMATA.*

BOOKS may be made in two ways—with the pen, or with the scissors. The volumes before us are striking examples of the latter mode of manufacture. They are composed chiefly of scraps of French medical books, German theological treatises, Spanish legal papers, and English popular works—all ill selected and worse arranged, and possessing only that amount of connexion with each other which can be derived from being printed in the same type and on the same pages. The few original sentences with which these extracts are interspersed are, for the most part, however, so remarkable for bad taste and blundering, that we are convinced that their author has wisely chosen his instrument of book-making.

To give an account of the plan of such a work is somewhat difficult, but we will attempt to present some idea of the contents of the pretentious-looking volumes before us. They purport to be a history of certain epidemic insanities which have from time to time afflicted large bodies of people, consequent, for the most part, on times of great political or religious excitement—such as the sorcery mania in France and Germany in the fifteenth century—the hysteric mania common in convents in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the extravagances of the Anabaptists from 1521 to 1592—the so-called prophesying of the French Calvinists in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth—and, more lately, the Jansenist *Convulsionnaires* in Paris. Had Mr. Madden really given us a clear and well-arranged account of these and similar phenomena—had he pointed out their causes, traced their course, and marked the manner in which they finally disappeared—he would have filled up an empty niche in English literature, and written a sad, but deeply suggestive and interesting page in the history of man. Let us now look at the way in which he has treated his subject, to which we find the key in the last sentence of his introductory chapter:—"There is no subject treated in these volumes which has not either directly or indirectly some important bearings on great questions, some of vital interest, which agitate the minds of thinking men of our own times."

We have first some general remarks on the subject of madness, as classified by Dr. Prichard under the two heads of moral and intellectual insanity. The latter is subdivided into—1. Mania—2. Dementia—and 3. Monomania. It is with this last that we have chiefly to do, in its varied forms of choreomania, theomania, demonolatria, demonopathy, lycanthropy, &c. In this chapter we are favoured with some remarks on the connexion between crime and insanity, of such a nature as, if carried out fully, to remove moral responsibility almost entirely from man. We then proceed to take up the history of sorcery and witchcraft from the earliest days, including some translations of bits of the dialogues of Plato, a long dissertation on the Dæmon of Socrates, and another on the accusation of killing and eating children, charged against the early Christians by the Pagans, and by the mediæval Christians against sorcerers, together with the legend of Lilith, the first wife of Adam. From this very early point in our studies we make a rapid transition, with no preparation at all, to dreams, visions, and Swedenborg, whose life and revelations are commented on at some length. The next chapter consists of the life of St. Teresa, for whom our author tells us he feels a great admiration—which, however, he unfortunately does all he can to prevent his readers from sharing, for he keeps her really good and great qualities out of sight, while he gives painful and unnecessary details of her bad health and occasional fits of insanity. St. Teresa paves the way to an account of the Inquisition in Spain and Portugal, prefaced with some pages of abuse

* *Phantasmata*; or, *Illusions and Fanaticisms of Protean Forms Productive of Great Evils*. By R. R. Madden, F.R.C.S. Eng., M.R.I.A., &c. 4 vols. London: Newby. 1857.

of the English Tudors, which would make Mr. Froude's hair stand on end, and a disquisition on heresy, which affords so good a specimen of Mr. Madden's general style of writing that we are tempted to quote its beginning:—

This thing called *heresy* seems to have no definite or general meaning; the lexicographers explain it as an opinion contrary to the fundamental or orthodox points of religion. It seems to be derived from the French word *heresie*, or from the Latin word *heresis*; and this latter from *herere*, to stick or adhere; and thus far may very conveniently be applied to different purposes.

What has become of our old Greek friend *αἵρεσις* among these derivations, or what may be the meaning of the latter part of the above sentence, we cannot say; but Mr. Madden's readers become too soon accustomed to mystifications of all sorts not to accept them in a spirit of humble faith, if they accept them at all. Reasoning on them is out of the question. His statistics of the persons who suffered at the hands of the Inquisition are fearful, if correct; but as he asserts that 1200 persons suffered in England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for their religious opinions only, it is possible that we ought to make some deduction from his 20,000 martyrs at Seville. We are next carefully instructed in the doctrine of the Catholic and Protestant Churches on sorcery and demoniacal possession, in which Mr. Madden occasionally appears to believe, though he is not more clear on this subject than he is on any other. But we will let our readers judge for themselves:—

The institution of a Christian Church and the development of its organization may have superseded the necessity for the ordinary appeal to miraculous works, and rendered the display of supernatural power over demoniac influences less necessarily frequent than in the times of primitive Christianity. But while far more than one-half of the population of the world are involved in Paganism, the purpose for which the Son of God was manifested, "that He might destroy the works of the devil," it cannot be said is yet accomplished wholly, and that the promise is now null and void, "And these signs shall follow them that believe; in His name they shall cast out devils," &c.

But M. Calmeil, and his fellow psychologists and medical philosophers, see nothing more in the devil-craft of our Saviour's time and of the early ages of Christianity than priest-craft. Hence it can be no wonder that any suspicion of devil-craft in the extraordinary phenomena of the furibund orgies of the Beguards, the homicidal fanatics of the Pays-du-Vaud and Berne, the Lycanthropists of Germany, the Convulsionnaires of St. Medard, the Anabaptists of the Low Countries, can never cross their minds.

We have unfortunately too much evidence in the history of the various epidemic disorders of the human mind, in the middle ages especially, of the fatal influence exercised on the reasoning powers of men at various epochs of great public calamities or signal visitations of the wrath of God—in times of barbarity, or periods of great sufferings from war, rapacity, feudal tyranny, superstition, insecurity, hardship, and privation, in producing those *grandes deliries*, which though attributable clearly to epidemic insanity, have been ignorantly, unjustly, and inhumanly dealt with, as crimes against religion, punishable with death and persecution. Terrible crimes in the name of religion have been committed against humanity in dealing with those victims of epidemic insanity.

But in our horror of them it is not necessary to the interests of religion or of justice to have recourse, in every similar case of an extraordinary nature manifesting mental and physical phenomena, which philosophers and medical science are not competent to explain, to priest-craft for a solution of the difficulties which present themselves; and to deny that there is any power which can be exerted by devil-craft in this world which could account for them.

After all these episodes, dissertations, disquisitions, and other irrelevant matter, Mr. Madden at last allows his breathless and wearied readers to see land, in the shape of what he calls the "Migratory Epidemic"—which consisted in the wanderings of large bodies of people about Italy in the Middle Ages, without any distinct object, but with a general view of promoting the glory of God and the interests of religion by so doing. The first Crusade seems to have partaken of this character in some measure. The witchcraft monomania comes next, and some of the stories contained in the judicial proceedings against sorcerers are truly wonderful. We extract one, of the escape of a witch in Navarre, from the writings of Sandoval:—

She asked for a box of ointment which had been found on her, and ascended a tower accompanied by the Commissary, and at the top placed herself beside him at a window. "She began, in the sight of a great number of persons, to apply the ointment with the palm of the left hand to the wrist, the back of the neck, under the arms, on the loins, and on the left side. Then she said in a very strong voice, 'Are you there?' All the spectators heard in the air a voice which answered, 'Yes, I am here.' The woman then began to descend the tower (by the external wall), the head downward, using her hands and feet after the manner of lizards. When she reached the middle of the tower's height, she made a dart into the air before those present, who did not cease to see her until she had passed beyond the horizon."

We wish no greater horrors were described than this; but the cruelties, and injustice, and folly of the accusers in these cases are only less extraordinary than the fearful delusion which induced their victims to confess the most foul and horrible crimes, existing entirely in their own distempered brains. One of the most extraordinary madnesses on record, perhaps, is the lycanthropic, in which men fancied themselves wolves or other beasts. It prevailed in an epidemic form in Burgundy at the end of the sixteenth century, and also in Livonia and Germany at different times. Rollin and Hecquet mention a nervous disease of this kind attacking the whole community of a convent near Paris, which is so suggestive, together with its cure, that we quote it:—

The members were attacked every day about the same hour with an unconquerable propensity to imitate the mewling of cats. After much trouble had been given to the religious, and great scandal being occasioned by this malady, the nerves of the sufferers had a remedy applied to them, which was quite effectual; they were menaced with the interposition of the authorities, and with having a file of soldiers posted at the gate of the convent to enter on the first occasion of the repetition of the mysterious noises; and it is said

the effect of the intimation had such an effect on the nervous system of the community, that the disease ceased all at once.

The Flagellants, who appeared in Europe after the great pestilences of the fourteenth century, were another very remarkable body of maniacs. They wandered about in great bodies, carrying tapers, and going in procession to various holy places, scourging themselves all the while with knotted whips pointed with iron. They at last became such a nuisance that they were stopped by severe edicts against them in most countries, though they existed up to the seventeenth century in Spain, where they contrived to persuade even the most sane to follow their example on certain days. The Spanish ladies seem to have especially admired them, for we are told by Colmenar, that at Madrid—

Lorsque ils rencontrent quelque dame bien faite, ils savent se fouetter si adroitement, qu'ils font ruisseler leur sang jusques sur elle et c'est une honneur dont elle ne manque pas de remercier le galant Disciplinant. Et quand ils se trouvent devant la maison de leur maitresse, c'est alors qu'ils redoublent les coups avec plus de furie, et qu'ils déchirent le dos et les épaules. La Dame qui les voit de son balcon, et qui sait qu'ils le font a son intention, leur en sait bon gré dans son cœur et ne manque pas de leur en tenir compte.

We are next introduced to the dancing fanatics, the ancestors of the more modern American Jumpers and Shakers. They prevailed in Germany in the fourteenth century. They believed they were possessed by demons, and their madness is thus described:—

The assemblages of penitential monomaniacs were addressed too by furious enthusiasts, who denounced priests and prelates, and howled imprecations on their heads. And when these pious exercises were performed, and each "occasion" of a gathering of the elect was thus suitably improved, the meeting closed with playing up a stirring tune, with a blast of the trumpet or a roll of the drum, or a squeak of the bagpipes, which was a favourite instrument with the elect, especially in the Rhenish Provinces of Germany. And then the dancing orgies ensued, and the humiliating spectacle of human beings in multitudes rushing into all sorts of extravagances, as if the inmates of all the Bedlams of the land had been let loose, and were then congregated in one place, for the delirious exercises of bounding, jumping, tramping, panting as if they were ready to die, and dancing as if they would never cease, if it were possible, to make the last moment of their lives coincident with the kicking of their feet.

One of their raving fits at Liege, was against "the devils who invented fashions and suggested innovations in attire," on which Mr. Madden pathetically exclaims:—

And yet the "Demon fashion" of the fifteenth age had little to answer for, compared with the diabolical milliners of the nineteenth century, who have bewitched womankind with crinoline.

The poor dancing fanatics of Germany and of Belgium of the middle ages had no awful exaggerations of human nature, and alarming consumption of silken materials for the attire of those enlarged dimensions, to bewail in their penitential sermons. They had only to weep over the wickedness of shoes pointed at the toes, and the weakness of the sex as it was manifested in those times, in a passion for trinkets, and other vanities which those daughters of Eve inherited from their grandmothers, if not from the first mother of mankind.

In Italy the same disease was occasionally observed, and believed to be caused by the bite of the tarantula, a poisonous spider. It was there treated homœopathically, by an exaggeration of the symptoms; for the patients were made to dance more violently than ever, to the sound of a merry tune, till fainting ensued, on recovery from which they are said to have been cured.

The first half of Mr. Madden's second volume is entirely taken up with the life of Joan of Arc. In what way he considers her career an example of epidemic madness, he may, perhaps, vouchsafe to explain at some future time; but we are quite at a loss to understand the appearance of her biography as an *entr'acte* between the dancing maniacs and a set of hysterical nuns, who are the next party of lunatics introduced to our notice by our eccentric author. There is no doubt that the enthusiasm of the Maid of Orleans may have occasionally overpassed the bounds of sober reason, but there is no shadow of proof that she was mad in the common acceptance of the term; and as this appears to be Mr. Madden's opinion, his having placed poor Joan in such doubtful society only shows, more clearly than even the case of St. Teresa, what a dangerous man he is to his friends.

The remainder of the work consists of, first, an account of certain frightful epidemic hysterical monomanias which broke out in various convents on the Continent during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—next, various relations of theomania in Protestant countries—and lastly, some particulars of the Convulsionnaires of St. Medard. As regards the first, there appears to have been a remarkable similarity in all the attacks. They were excessively infectious (as all attacks of hysteria are), accompanied by strong convulsions. The sufferers displayed an apparently insurmountable inclination to accuse others, and sometimes themselves, of sorcery and various fearful crimes; and the disorder was also marked by a great degree of nervous excitement, heightening all the powers of the senses, especially that of hearing. In reading the accounts before us, we are often irresistibly reminded of the clairvoyants of the present day—the exorcisers occupying the position of the mesmeriser, and the nuns that of the somnambulist. The worst part of the story is, that, as in the case of Urban Grandier, human lives constantly fell a sacrifice to the ravings of these wretched lunatics, owing to the bigotry of the priests and the ignorance of the doctors in those days. The moral of the whole is, that it is a very bad thing for any set of people, especially women, to be shut up together with nothing to do. Their minds of course prey on themselves, and nine out of ten become more or less insane after a time. This is why contemplative orders of nuns are such unmixed evils, and

form so terrible a contrast to the noble and practical societies of Sisters of Charity, with their glorious deeds of mercy, and their holy and self-denying lives. Was it needful for Mr. Madden to end his eulogium on the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul with a vulgar sneer at the English ladies who have lately been working with them in the closest union among our wounded soldiers in the East?

The vagaries and crimes of the Anabaptist fanatics are too well known to need that we should dwell on them in this place. They were for the most part, we fear, more wicked than mad. The Calvinist theomaniacs of the Cevennes, against whom Louis XIV. waged so terrible a crusade, were more insane and less dangerous. They believed that they possessed the gift of prophesying and speaking with tongues, in which they appear to have resembled the Irvingites of the present day. The history of one of these prophets gives a tolerable account of all, and we extract one from Mr. Madden's pages, or rather from Fléchier, from whom he quotes it:—

This man [says Fléchier] was sixty years of age, a labourer by occupation, strong and robust for his years. Up to that time he appeared to have had a good understanding; he was never at the assemblies of the Calvinists; he had even often reprimanded his children for having assisted at them, and expressed much regret at the misfortunes they occasioned. But his children brought home every day such wonderful accounts of what they had seen, of the power of the prophets, of their extraordinary grimaces and ceremonies, of the heavens opening, and of the angels whom they saw, that this worthy man, fancying himself at length as much a prophet as any of whom they spoke to him, on a sudden began to act as they did. On his first seizure he was in bed, and, jumping up suddenly on his feet, he carried with him the canopy of his bed, though very heavy, and threw it to some distance, crying out and muttering in an incomprehensible way, unknown terms that no one could make out. He immediately convoked all the villagers; and his children, quite elated at this, went from house to house, saying, "Come and see my father, who has received the Holy Spirit, and prophesies!" . . . At first setting out, he called himself St. Paul; and, rubbing his body all over, he gave it to be understood, in his confused language, that he saw white angels descending the chimney. He ordered a bench to be brought him, and began singing the tune of a psalm all alone (he had never learnt the words, and did not know how to read or write). He moved about the assistants, and placed some on his right hand and the others on his left, as if he had done something very important. He tried to preach, and was stammering for half an hour without pronouncing distinctly any other words but those of "mercy and repentance." Then he imagined that he saw angels beating one another in the air; then that he saw Jesus Christ coming down the chimney. He agitated himself so violently as to become almost breathless; then he would say he could stand it no longer, the Holy Spirit was burning him: he would throw himself down on the ground on his face, and perform innumerable extravagances, which his assistants on their knees admired greatly.

These wretched people seem to have been driven mad by persecution and the cruelties of the royal troops, who shot, stabbed, and hanged them by hundreds.

The last instance of epidemic insanity recorded in the work before us, is that of the Convulsionnaires of St. Medard. Among the Jansenist leaders in the days of Port Royal was a young deacon of the name of Paris. He died in the odour of sanctity, and was buried in the cemetery of St. Medard. It soon began to be rumoured that cures were effected at his tomb; but these cures were accompanied by violent convulsions, during which the patients were quite insensible to pain, and even implored their friends to beat them and trample on them. This fanaticism soon became a perfect epidemic, and created so much confusion and disorder that the cemetery was at length closed by the authorities, when the excitement gradually subsided. The extraordinary insensibility to pain noted in all these cases reminds one forcibly again of modern mesmerism. In short, we rise from the perusal of these records of sin and madness with the strong conviction that, as regards delusion and folly at any rate, there is nothing new under the sun. We can only wish that the work in question had fallen into abler hands than those of Mr. Madden, who should remember that, though he is writing the history of mad people, he is not the less bound to write rationally.

POISONS.*

WHAT is a Poison? Every one knows—no one can say. "Les choses dont les définitions sont les plus difficiles sont celles qui en ont le moins besoin," said somebody, with great justice. We know that certain substances are poisonous—arsenic, for instance; but we do not know wherein this terrible quality lies—nay, we know that in a diminished dose the same arsenic becomes a medicine, and, in still smaller doses, food. Alcohol, again, is a violent poison, if given pure and in a certain quantity; and so is ether. Yet diluted, and given in smaller quantities, these poisons stimulate the secretions, and accelerate organic processes. Alcohol, as we all know, is a curious "poison," for it supplies the place of food, and aids digestion—not to mention its other qualities; and it is only by an abuse of language that we can call alcohol in itself a poison, when experience and experiment prove that the poisonous effects result only from large doses. Even the most nutritious of aliments will become poisonous in excess. Over-eating is as injurious as prussic acid.

We are thus led to suspect that poison is a word representing a quantitative idea. The effects of poisonous substances being, in fact, physiological disturbances, it is only when the disturbance is carried beyond a certain limit, and thus interferes with the equilibrium and operation of the various organic processes, that the poisonous qualities of substances are manifested. A blow

with the hand alighting on the head produces but a slight disturbance—a blow with a hammer kills. New-born babies are often whipped into life, but an exaggeration of this midwifery process would be death. It is always a question of degree, complicated by physiological consequences. Thus alcohol, diluted, stimulates the secretions; but undiluted, it attacks the tissue itself and alters its properties, abstracting all its water, and hardening it. Nicotine, again, is a very violent poison—one of the most violent known. Let but a few drops of it fall upon the eye of an animal, and death instantaneously ensues. This Nicotine is an extract of tobacco. Do you smoke, reader? If you smoke, you consume with each cigar a certain portion of this violent poison, and if your cigars follow each other in quick succession, the end of the day will find you the consumer of a pretty amount of poison—and yet you are not poisoned! How is this? It would be inexplicable if the ordinary idea of poisons, as substances essentially poisonous, were not replaced by the idea of their quantitative action. Dr. Carpenter, indeed, has the *naïveté* to argue that whatever is true of a large dose must be true, in a minor degree, of a small dose; and, according to such a conception, the smoker at the end of the day ought to be in the same condition as a man having taken an equivalent amount of nicotine in one dose. The facts directly contradict such a notion. The smoker has taken his poison in small doses; and these small doses have been spread over a number of hours. Now, experience of poisonings proves that the effect of small doses is totally different in kind from the effect of large doses; and, owing to the eliminating process incessantly going on, that quantity is innocuous, when spread over a certain period, which would be fatal if administered at once. We have said that the effect is different in kind, and nicotine shall furnish us with an example. The fumes of tobacco contain nicotine, and this nicotine, acting on the salivary glands, determines an increased secretion—as all smokers know. But, by a law of our economy, all the secretions of the intestinal canal are in intimate sympathy, so that to stimulate one is to stimulate another; and the secretion of the salivary glands being stimulated to increased activity, the gastric secretion instantly sympathizes with it, and pours into the stomach. Thus the action of nicotine on the salivary glands increases the flow of gastric juice; and a cigar after dinner assists digestion by its nicotine, which said nicotine we know to be a violent poison!

M. Claude Bernard, the most eminent of that brilliant band of experimental physiologists who, especially in Paris, put Nature into the witness-box, and extort from her the most surprising revelations, has just published his *Lectures at the Collège de France on Poisons and their physiological effects*—a book we recommend to the particular attention of every reader at all interested in the subject. In the course of these lectures and experiments, we assist, as it were, at a physiological dissection of the organism; for we see different substances having effects only on isolated portions of the organism. Thus, oxide of carbon destroys the blood-globules; strychnine destroys the sensitive power of the nerves, without affecting the motor power, while the *woorara* destroys the motor power, but leaves the sensibility intact; the sulphocyanide of potash annihilates muscular contractility; nicotine acts on the circulation through the nerves; ether and alcohol act on the secretions. Among the many striking results established by Bernard's experiments, is the confirmation of Haller's doctrine—long disregarded and rejected by the schools—of the irritability of the heart and the muscles, quite independent of the nerves. By discovering an agent for the complete paralysis of the motor nerves—the *woorara*—and by observing that, in spite of this paralysis, the muscles preserved their irritability, and the heart continued to beat, M. Bernard overthrows all the objections which have been brought against Haller's doctrine. One of his experiments is curious—the action of the nerves on the heart is proved to be purely of an interfering, arresting nature. Thus, when the pneumo-gastric nerves are galvanized, the heart ceases to beat; but if the animal be poisoned by the *woorara*, the heart continues to beat in spite of galvanism, because the *woorara* has destroyed the nervous influence.

Very curious are the experiments by which M. Bernard illustrates the power of adaptation to an external medium possessed by the organism. In an atmosphere so vitiated that a vigorous animal instantly perishes if plunged into it, an animal of the same species can live for some time, and will quite recover if restored to a purer atmosphere. In an air-tight glass bell-jar a sparrow was placed. After he had remained there two hours, another sparrow was introduced, and was instantly suffocated by the foul air; nevertheless the original occupant remained another hour in the glass, after which he was withdrawn, nearly dead. The fresh air and warmth revived him. In a little while he had recovered sufficiently to fly. When he had recovered all his vigour, he was again placed in the atmosphere from which he had been withdrawn, and immediately died! If the reader remembers what a suffocating sensation has seized him on entering a crowded room, or one full of smokers, and how, after a few minutes, he has grown so used to the atmosphere as to be almost unconscious of any discomfort, he will understand how a depression of the functions in a vitiated atmosphere tends to establish a sort of equilibrium between his organism and the atmosphere. M. Bernard remarks that if a sparrow will live three hours in a certain space, the natural conclusion would be, that two sparrows of exactly the same size and weight would live one hour and a

* *Leçons sur les Effets des Substances Toxiques et Médicamenteuses.* Par Claude Bernard. Paris. 1857.

half in this space; but on experiment it is found that two sparrows only live one hour and a quarter, and the reason of this acceleration of their death is, that in order to adapt themselves to such a medium, a longer time is needed.

M. Bernard always endeavours to discover the mechanism by which the various poisons produce death. Indeed, his point of view is always physiological—he studies poisons in their effects on the organs, or rather on the system. Among his explanations, there is one of the impunity with which certain poisons may be taken internally, which if breathed, or injected into the arteries, cause certain death. It is this—a poison admitted into the stomach is still *outside* the organism, as much as if it were lying on the hand, and can only penetrate inside by means of the absorbent vessels. Once absorbed, it will be carried by the veins through the lungs, and there it will be eliminated; whereas, if it enters the organism through the arteries, no elimination is possible, and the tissues are attacked.

We have but indicated the questions treated by M. Bernard, and must refer the reader to the work itself for fuller information.

THE RED SEA, AND SO TO MEKKA.*

M. CHARLES DIDIER, not liking the home view of the Eastern question, went as far East as suited his leisure and his opportunities to judge for himself whether it was worth the costly and precarious settlement which it has received. Thus much seems clear from comparing his preface with his closing chapters. The disgust which, as we infer from expressions in the former, private and public affairs had excited in his mind against Paris, France, and Europe, takes, in some degree, a definite shape in the latter, and precipitates itself in a genuine dislike of the cause of Turkey, and of the Western armaments on her behalf. The last chapter but one, headed "Quelques Reflexions," is that which it probably most relieved the author's mind to write; and it will for that reason, if for no other, have some interest for his readers. The closing chapter merely conveys a tribute of official respect and personal disrespect to the late French Consul at Djeddah, a M. Rochet—

Soi-disant d'Héricourt, appellation de fantaisie qu'il avait ajoutée à son nom afin de la rendre apparemment plus aristocratique. Il avait commencé par être tanneur, et rien en lui, ni le langage ni les manières, ne démentait ses débuts. Etant allé chercher fortune en Abyssinie, il avait poussé jusqu'au royaume de Choa, où il était retourné une seconde fois avec des présents du Roi Louis-Philippe pour le roitelet abyssin. Une relation de ces deux voyages a paru sous son nom, sans qu'il en soit l'auteur: incapable d'écrire même une lettre, il avait emprunté la plume d'un écrivain que je pourrais nommer. C'est de là qu'il était parti pour être nommé consul de deuxième classe et chevalier, puis officier de la Légion d'honneur; il n'en parut que plus tanneur encore. Privé de toute instruction, de toute éducation, il était peu fait pour donner de la France aux Arabes une idée favorable.

We give this extract principally as a sop to John Bull, who believes that all Frenchmen are well educated, polished, and clever, or at any rate susceptible of the highest polish at the shortest notice—and moreover, that all French officials are picked for their dapper sagacity and neatness of finesse in whatever department they are called upon to glitter. The passage is perhaps one of the least interesting in the book as measured by any other standard than its capacity for correcting an Englishman's tendency to self-abuse. Here, however, we have a French Consul, an "officer of the Legion of Honour," unable to pen a line, who does his official authorship by a scribe, and is just the sort of person whom British patronage is supposed to prefer, and whom Administrative Reform is intended to eliminate; and, what is more surprising still, we have another Frenchman honestly recording the fact in a book. Yet though our author exposes the man, he upheld on the spot the dignity of the Consul; and in consequence of the bad grace with which the pasha accorded the funeral honours due to his position (for he died during the author's presence in the town), he concurred with the Consul of Great Britain in refusing the attendance of a detachment of troops and "cawas" intended to give distinction to the *cortège*.

The plan of the book follows simply that of the voyage. By land from Cairo to Suez, from Suez along the western side of the Peninsula of Sinai, and thence by a vessel down the Red Sea, crossing the extremity of the Gulf of Akaba, the author and his companion, an Englishman, proceeded to Djeddah, the port of Mecca. They then mounted dromedaries, and reached Taif in the form of a caravan, and quitted it, on their return, in a similar fashion, on the 2nd of March, having left Cairo on the previous 16th of January. The work is simply a clearly-sketched outline of route, scenery, and incidents—which latter, to those who know what Oriental travelling is, would probably seem common-place enough. Here and there a pause in the moving panorama gives room for the portrait of a Turkish, Greek, Egyptian, or native Arab notable. The style is not one of pretence or effort. It is probably not an easy thing for a Frenchman to form a bad style of French prose, even when thoroughly naturalized in this country. The book is up to a certain understood level of polished mediocrity, to which modern works of travel seem more and more every year to tend, and which habits of railway reading certainly encourage. This is, no doubt, better than the skim-milk, whipped to a froth, of the school of travellers which, in the last century, Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* tended to form, and of

which, to this day, we find a trace here and there, principally in the journals of lady voyagers. But such a book does not relieve the mind—does not freshen it, as the highest order of works of travel do—does not concentrate the feelings on the distant and the past. We see ever before us the same gentlemanly figure, in kid gloves and patent leathers, taking notes on the top of a first-rate dromedary *pur sang*. He is an educated man, quotes an entire line of a Greek play, and knows something of the Old Testament history. Nay, more, there is an air of dry, respectable decency about his book which will deprive it, perhaps, of the patronage secured in France to a wide and well known class of literature by its opposite character. Our author is not an antiquarian, nor a geographer, nor a geologist; nor does he appear to possess a sufficient knowledge of history, or even of the researches of his recent predecessors on the same ground, to give his work a first rank amongst those of more ordinary merit and power; but, though it does not thrill and fascinate, neither does it fatigue. There is nothing of the minute delineation of his own countryman, Laborde—nothing of the simple power with which Professor Stanley compiles into massive imagery the mapped and measured grandeur of Sinaiic scenery. As little do we find to compare with the causticity and sarcasm of *Eöthen*. M. Didier, on the contrary, is seldom severe, seldom *very* kind, occasionally didactic, and, even in his raptures, correct. He has the usual passion for detail which Sydney Smith noticed as a French characteristic, and the same unwillingness to allow the simplest trait in what he has made up his mind to describe, to pass "sans dire." He appears to be aware that the "Thousand and One Nights" has been for some centuries a popular book, but thinks it worth while to notice that Bedouins go barefoot, and that an Arab at an evening bivouac has nothing but his yataghan to cut open the sheep roasted whole, and nothing but his fingers to eat it with. Here is a specimen from the description of a domestic interior, that of Cherif Selim:—

Le salon était garni d'un beau tapis rouge et noir; des divans de soie verte brodée en fil d'or régnaient tout autour. Quatre lampes allumées pendaient au plafond, et deux énormes candélabres, haut de huit à dix pieds, étincelaient de bougies. Deux noirs, richement habillés, &c.

The passage would almost do for an auctioneer's catalogue, in case the "Cherif" ever came to the hammer; and as we read it, we fancy how a similar treatment, applied to a London street, would affect the mind of an inquiring Arab—how he would be fascinated by the description, "four lamp-posts, brilliant with gas, rose from the pavement to the height of eight or ten feet; two policemen, crowned with hats of glossy sheen," &c. But we will forbear any such experiment on the reader's patience. Of course, the descriptive faculty is not acquired by dwelling in tents and riding the beasts of the desert; and when the general features are thoroughly familiar, as those of Oriental life are to educated Frenchmen, it requires a proportionably rare gift to redeem by picturesque treatment the conventional and the hackneyed. There seems, however, a sort of tacit assumption on the part of travellers, that as what they see was new to them, so their description is new to others; and they transfer in imagination that sense of freshness and liveliness which the reality left on them to the result of their book on the domestic or railway reader. The author, if he had made due allowance for this, would have cut down his book to a mere tract, and probably his self-respect would have suffered in proportion. We will, however, attempt to select a passage or two which merits quotation. The author has arrived at Djeddah:—

J'avais devant moi une semaine d'attente; or, cette semaine il fallait la remplir; mais comment? Je n'avais plus rien à voir à Djeddah. "Faites votre keff," me disaient les indigènes.—D'accord, leur répondais-je, mais un keff de huit jours est-il possible? Vous allez me demander ce que c'est que faire son keff. Je vais vous le dire. Lorsqu'un Arabe a terminé ses affaires, quelles qu'elles soient, et que sa journée est finie, il se retire dans son harem, quitte son costume de ville, s'habille à la légère, prend sa pipe, s'établit les jambes en croix sur son divan, et là se plonge insensiblement, tout en fumant, dans une somnolence physique et morale qui participe du sommeil et de la veille, sans être ni l'un ni l'autre. Personne au monde, sa femme elle-même, ou sa plus chère esclave, n'oserait le troubler dans ce moment solennel. Cet état mixte, intermédiaire entre l'être et le non-être, indéfinissable, incompréhensible pour un Européen, n'est que la réalisation et comme la mise en pratique de cette maxime orientale qu'il vaut mieux être assis que debout, couché qu'assis, endormi que couché, et mort qu'endormi. Pourtant ce n'est pas la mort: on ne pense pas, on ne sent pas, on ne rêve pas, on ne vit pas, mais on respire, on existe à la manière des plantes, ce qui pour un Arabe est le souverain bien, et l'avant-goût de la béatitude éternelle. Voilà ce qu'on appelle faire son keff. . . . On comprend, d'après cela, qu'avec la meilleure volonté du monde, il soit impossible de faire son keff pendant toute une semaine.

The following is not complimentary, but states, as we fear, a grent and comprehensive truth:—

Je ne puis m'empêcher de dire à quel point je fus choqué comme Européen et comme homme, de l'humble attitude de mon compagnon de voyage en présence du prince: ce n'était pas, au surplus, la première fois que j'avais l'occasion de faire une remarque semblable sur ses compatriotes et sur lui-même. Il était convenu, dans le dernier siècle, de faire des Anglais le type de la fierté, et J.-J. Rousseau lui-même les a peints ainsi dans *Milord Edouard*. Le temps et l'expérience ont fait justice de ce préjugé. J'ai connu, pour ma part, beaucoup d'Anglais de toutes les conditions, soit à l'étranger, soit chez eux, et partout je les ai vu prosterner aux pieds des puissances constituées par l'opinion, qu'elles soient usurpées ou légitimes. Ils n'ont, à cet égard, ni indépendance ni discernement, et professent dans toutes les classes le culte des positions, snobisme au moins ridicule et quelque peu servile dont leur propre compatriote Thackeray a fait justice et qu'il fustige avec beaucoup d'humour dans la *Foire aux Vanités*. L'éducation les fait sans doute aigres, et la routine les maintient dans l'ornière. Nés et nourris sur une terre encore

* Séjour chez le Grand Chérif de la Mekke. Par Charles Didier. Paris, 1857.

toute féodale, ils sucent avec le lait l'esprit d'hérarchie qui est le principe et fait la base de leur condition sociale. Avec une vanité égale au moins à celle des Français, déclarés par Dante et par Machiavel le plus vain des peuples, les premières notions de l'égalité leur sont inconnues.

We hope that "Thakeray" will appreciate his commentator, and incorporate the tribute to his discernment in the preface to the next edition of the *Book of Snobs*, or of the *Foire aux Vanités*. M. Didier is not profound but dashing—he does not plough deep, but skims or rather whips on the surface, where, as every one knows, the truth is most easily found. He has here a great theory to illustrate, and he shows up his late "compagnon de voyage" in order to do so. Is it philosophic, or merely shabby, thus to sink in the love of truth all personal considerations, and show that one has passed some months among barbarians, Jews, Turks, Infidels, Hadjis, and Arabs, in the almost solitary intimacy of a man whom a simple test at last proves to be at heart a snob? Still, after the small mercy shown to the memory of the illiterate consul of France, what could we expect for the tuft-hunting Briton? Why, however, we might inquire, did one who knew and respected the opinions of Dante, Machiavel, and Thakeray, travel in such company? Was there not a great antecedent chance that a Briton is not to be trusted in the presence of a Pasha or a Scheik? *Κόρηδες δὲι ψευστάς*—Britons ever will be snobs. Wide, however, as may be the zone of character which the undefined term snob includes, and widely popular as its manifestation and diffusion may be in this country, our author might surely have the candour to admit that a strong protest is equally current against it, and that Englishmen who travel sometimes exemplify this opposite type. At all events, the author of *Eöthen* is certainly not a snob.

The most continuously interesting portion of the volume will probably be found to be the sketch of the history of the Wahabites, the Puritans of modern Mahomedanism. It is singular how nearly they succeeded in the re-establishment of Arabian independence; and it shows that there must be some genuine sparks yet alive in the bosoms of the dry patriarchs of the wild, when political regeneration could find all its essential conditions fulfilled by the promulgation of a higher moral standard and a purified creed. The interest of the book here, however, becomes historical, and arises from the facts, not from the style or accidents of authorship. The style, indeed, flags where vigour is most needed, and the chapter reads like a few columns of an encyclopædia. There is a total absence of all the refreshing accessories which history ought to derive from scenery, manners, and character. No reader of M. Didier's narrative would suspect that it had been composed outside the barriers of Paris. This strain of authorship does not admit of lofty emotion, and labours under a too keen and active sense of the ridiculous to have a large heart for the sublime. Our author accordingly extracts the wonderful passage from the Book of Kings which describes Elijah's visit to Horeb, slightly garbles and tones it down in the process of translation, and thus makes it fit the following commentary:—

Ne semble-t-il pas, en lisant ces magnifiques paroles, qu'on assiste aux révolutions géologiques qui ont remué si profondément ces terres prédestinées? Ce tremblement de terre effrayant qui agite les montagnes, cet ouragan furieux qui les fend et les renverse, ce feu ardent qui les calcine et les stérilise, qu'est-ce autre chose si non les agents souterrains ou extérieurs de ces grandes perturbations de la matière, telles que la science de nos jours les conçoit et les explique? La vision d'Elie ne serait donc que l'intuition, et comme la seconde rue des bouleversements physiques dont chaque rocher porte ici l'empreinte indélébile. Et ce souffle doux et subtil qui succède au désordre des éléments, et où le prophète sentit la présence de Dieu,—non in commotionibus Deus,—c'était bien Dieu en effet, c'est à dire l'intelligence qui, la nature une fois apaisée, reprend sur elle tous ses droits, en étudie les phénomènes, en mesure les forces, en sonde les mystères, et, s'élevant du fait matériel à la compréhension des lois et des causes, s'associe à la pensée, à l'œuvre du Créateur, en pénétrant les secrets de la création.

These remarks were probably produced by the wish to say something fine, and to rise above the grovelling view which takes up with a literal and obvious meaning. In considering them we eschew theology, and comment, not on scripture, but on M. Didier. The distinction between *l'intelligence* and *la nature une fois apaisée* is so flimsy as to disappear the moment it is analysed—unless, indeed, a purely human intelligence be intended as the equivalent to *Dieu en effet*. And this, perhaps, was the drift of the author's mind, so far as he was conscious of a meaning—that the being called God in the Old Testament is a myth, which, when unriddled, means man. It is consistent with such ready shallowness that our author doubts where better informed observers are satisfied, and is satisfied where they doubt. He has no critical apparatus to guide his judgment as to the probability of any local legend not marvellous in its character. He thus appears to accept, without question, the statement that the well of the Convent of Mount St. Catherine is the same at which Moses helped the daughters of Jethro to water their flock. He recites, as though it were novel, the theory—some shape of which has passed current at least since Burkhardt's days—that the Gulf of Akaba and the Mediterranean had once continuity, and may have again. It is here given on the authority of *un Anglais, le Capitaine W. Allan*. The difficulty of the theory is, that there is not, as it presumes, a gradual slope from the Dead Sea to the gulf in question, but that an eminence and watershed is interposed between them. M. Didier, however, appears to know nothing of this watershed of the Wady Araba. He did not traverse the Wady, and the Arabs told him nothing about it, and so, how, indeed,

should he know? This very word "wady," by the way, has been a stumbling stone for our author. He says, "les Arabes appellent *ouadi* une vallée spacieuse, et ordinairement plantée d'arbres. C'est le *thal* des Allemands, combiné avec la *huerta* des Espagnols." The words of Professor Stanley seem to show that our traveller took for the ordinary what is only the exceptional feature. He says (*Sinai and Palestine*, p. 68):—

I cannot too often repeat that these wādys are exactly like rivers, except in having no water; and it is this appearance of torrent-bed and banks, and clefts in the rocks for tributary streams, and at times even rushes and shrubs fringing their course, which gives to the whole wilderness a doubly dry and thirsty aspect.

Neither is the origin of names a more successful province of speculation to M. Didier. He proposes modestly enough, indeed, but with small colour of reason, to account for the title "Red" as applied to the sea as follows. "Les Arabes appellent l'enfer la demeure rouge, Dar-el-Hamra, et cette épithète a souvent chez eux une acception funeste: serait-il donc impossible qu'ils l'eussent appliquée à cette mer périlleuse, en raison de ses dangers, de ses sinistres et de l'effroi qu'elle leur inspire?" Hence it is plain that our author is ignorant of the title "Erythrean," as applied anciently to the larger sea or ocean into which the "Red Sea," as now called, issues; and this is another of the many proofs furnished by his book, that to have read history is the basis of being able to travel well, and the only thing which can make it safe to publish a volume concerning a land of ancient fame.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS.*

IT is with much pleasure, but with no surprise, that we find that this book has already reached a second edition. It seems to us to supply a want which has been making itself more and more felt of late—the want of boy's books written by men—or, to define it more strictly, by men who have been boys themselves in their day, and are not so much ashamed of their own boyhood as to try to forget it. The want is surprising, and significant withal. It is surprising, when we consider that almost all our schoolmasters are clergymen, and that a very large proportion of our clergy are, or have been schoolmasters, or otherwise engaged in education; and it is significant of many matters which we cannot pause to discuss here, and which perhaps touch on grounds too deep for any public discussion. One would have expected that from such a class of men, in contact at once with boy-nature in all its forms and with the deepest truths of theology and humanity, many a deep, wise, and genial boy's book would have emanated. But the fact has been otherwise; and since the author of *Peter Simple* and *Masterman Ready* (two books far beyond our praise) has been silent, the writing of boy's books has passed into the hands of unmarried ladies. Very fairly, too, some of them are written; but they have their faults. Women's boys, like women's men, are too likely to be of an altogether "rose-pink" and ideal type. They are very charming, no doubt, but redolent rather of surplises and choir-chants than of playground and Latin grammar; while, if they are allowed to have human faults, they are compelled forthwith to begin meditating over those faults, anatomizing and self-tormenting, in a fashion altogether female—harmless, possibly, and certainly natural and inevitable, in girls, but in boys unnatural, and only to be superinduced by a hot-bed training, which may make them melancholy, superstitious, or hypocritical, but will never make them men.

More than one father, therefore, has had to put out of the way of his boys books which were written with the purest—one may say the holiest—intentions, and to fall back, in default of better, on *Sandford and Merton*, *Frank*, and *Harry and Lucy*—admirable books, but yet erring by defect, and that defect one to which the conscience of this time is happily awakening more and more. They are gallant books, healthy books—there is hardly a word in them that one would wish unwritten; but when they are read through, can one help stopping and asking—And is this all? Is there no unseen eternal world above the lad? Must young Jacob go out on his pilgrimage with no vision of the ladder which reaches from earth to heaven—no discovery that whithersoever he has wandered, or shall wander, is awful ground, for God is in that place, though he knew it not?

It is chiefly because *Tom Brown* does make this discovery—naturally, gradually, blunderingly, as a living boy would make it—that the book is valuable in our eyes. It is valuable, too, because he makes the discovery—as most, perhaps all boys do—by being brought in contact with a man greater than himself. The influence of a true teacher and ruler, of a wise, strong, patient, loving, godlike spirit, reveals to him that he has a Father in heaven who has been with him, and will be with him to the end. The teacher is Arnold—the school Rugby, gradually developing under Arnold's care; and Tom Brown is not an ideal, but an average boy—a shrewd, good-natured, active scapegrace, with average capacity for good and evil, and a fair chance of turning out well or ill. His story is told well enough to keep any boy reading the book who has once begun to read. It is often told very well indeed—with racy dialogue, spirited descriptions of action, and bits of homely scene-painting which prove

* *Tom Brown's School Days*. By an Old Boy. Second Edition. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1857.

that "the Old Boy" has profited by his own theory, and that there is quite enough to be seen in England by young gentlemen who will keep their eyes open—whom the Old Boy apostrophizes thus:—

Oh, Young England, Young England! You who are born into these racing railroad times, when there's a great exhibition or some monster sight every year, and you can get over a couple of thousand miles for three-pounds in a five weeks' holiday, why don't you know more of your own birth-places? You're all in the ends of the earth, it seems to me, as soon as you get your necks out of the education collar; going round Ireland with a return ticket in a fortnight; dropping your copies of Tennyson on the tops of Swiss mountains; or pulling down the Danube in Oxford racing-boats; and when you get home for a quiet fortnight, lie on your backs in the paternal garden, surrounded by the last batch of books from Mudie's library, and half bored to death. Well—well! I know it has its good side. . . . All I say is, you don't know your own woods and fields. Though you may be chock full of science, not one in twenty of you know where to find the wood-sorrel or bee-orchis which grow in the next wood, or on the down three miles off; or what the bog-bean and wood-sage are good for. And as for the country legends—the stories of the old gable-ended farm houses, the place where the last skirmish was fought in the civil wars, where the parish Butts stood, where the last highwayman turned to bay, where the last ghost was laid by the person—they're gone out of date altogether.

Now in my time, when we got home by the old coach, which put us down at the four cross-roads, and had been driven off by the family coachman, singing *dulce domum* at the top of our voices, here we were, fixtures, till Black Monday came round. We had to cut out our own amusements within a walk or a ride of home. And so we got to know all the country folk, and their ways, and songs, and stories by heart; and went over the woods, and fields, and hills, again and again, till we made friends of them all. We were Berkshire, or Gloucestershire, or Yorkshire boys; and you're young cosmopolites, belonging to all counties and no counties. No doubt, it's all right; I dare say it is. This is the day of large views and glorious humanity, and all that; but I wish back-word play had not gone out in the Vale of White Horse, and that the Great Western had not carried away Alfred's Hill for an embankment.

From this extract it may be easily seen that the book is a thoroughly English book, heartily acquiescing in English ways and tastes, especially in the English system of public school education—in its Latin and Greek, its athletic sports, its strong corporate feeling, its freedom from all supervision out of school hours, its fighting and its fagging. Whether that system be perfect or not, "The Old Boy" does not trouble himself to inquire. He takes it as he finds it. He neither apologizes for it nor tries to idealize it. He loves it for what it has taught him; and from the genial and healthy tone of his book, he has reason to love it. He sets down honestly the evil which has been, and may be, in the system—and honestly also, the good which he has seen done by a master-mind, who had the wisdom truly to reform a public school, not by destroying, but by developing, the institutions which he found there. And therefore the book will do good. Both to the masters of public schools and to the boys themselves, it will give at once higher and simpler notions of what they can be, if they will; and many a boy, who has been allured from page to page by the racy school adventures of Tom Brown, will pause, sobered and softened, over the really noble pathos of the last chapter, in which Tom Brown, now an Oxford man, discovers all that Arnold has been to him, but discovers it above his grave. Of all the memorials of that truly good and great man which the world has yet seen, this book is the one most satisfactory to us.

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